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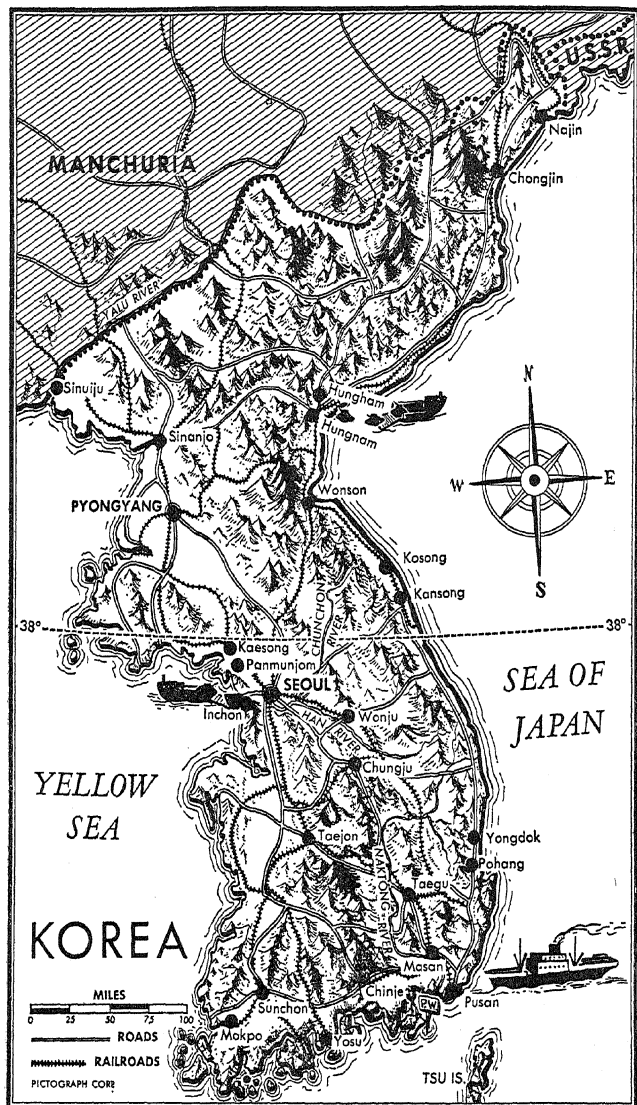


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Interspersed with these factual chapters are fictional vignettes. Closely based on the facts of life in Korea, these are stories that bring home with great poignancy the feeling of the natives of a war-torn country, and of our own soldiers—in battle, at a court martial, writing letters home.

Korean Tales adds up to an unforgettable picture of our men in action today. Without seeking to hide the unpleasant aspects, it nevertheless gives a total impression of a democracy performing a disagreeable task with a strong American pride that cannot fail to stir the reader.



KOREAN TALES

by Lt. Col. Melvin B. Voorhees, USA



SIMON AND SCHUSTER

NEW YORK

1952

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PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC.
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 630 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

SECOND PRINTING

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY H. WOLFF BOOK MFG. CO., NEW YORK

TO MY MOTHER

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BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

"Eighth United States Army in Korea is a unique and historic military headquarters, the first of its type and the first of its purpose. For Eighth Army Headquarters directs the ground forces of sixteen nations bound together in a peace pact and sworn mutually to resist aggression.

"EUSAK is the first United Nations military command in the field and the first to carry the UN banner into battle.

"EUSAK is the first and only United Nations army. It has been said that should the Eighth accomplish its Korean mission, no other such army might be needed—ever."

As the comparatively spirited opening of a stodgy but militarily acceptable prosaism on Eighth Army, the above was penned by me in May, 1951, and published in Pacific Stars & Stripes, the daily newspaper of our Armed Forces in the Far East, on June 25, first anniversary of the war's outbreak.

When I saw my remarks in print, I was struck anew by the conviction that EUSAK truly was "uncommonly uncommon" not alone in the military sense nor in its mighty role in the unfolding drama that makes history. It was also unique in its

personalities, its fabric of many men of many nations, its lone stand against the Red hordes, its strange, medieval setting, its backdrop of the stricken Korean people—and its bewilderment amid the crosscurrents of power politics.

It was, I believe, primarily this consciousness of the unique nature of EUSAK that led me to begin writing the various more or less random pieces that now comprise this volume of Korean Tales. They were, inevitably, set down on paper at odd moments and in many different places during the eighteen months I spent on active duty in Korea, and were assembled in their present form after my return to this country in May, 1952.

Others, better equipped technically to do so, doubtless will write the full story of the bold battle history of EUSAK. Catalogue this volume as an assortment of fact, opinion, and fiction set down by an individual American who served in the army in Korea in such manner as to see a good deal, hear much more, and enjoy or suffer certain experiences, both direct and vicarious.

The several chapters, interspersed throughout the book, that are set apart as fiction, all are based on actual happenings either in part or in toto. If they give rise to a picture of the obscure people, soldiers and civilians, in the Korean pit—a picture to set alongside the oft-seen photos of the great ones of that bitter stage—then they will have achieved their sole purpose.

In places this book is controversial, and it is deliberately so. I have been no more able than any other man ever has been on any subject of importance to tell the whole truth, voice the most rounded possible opinion, or say that last conclusive word. No more than any average being have I been able to conceal my prejudices and predilections; but I trust them, for they stem, I must believe, from an honest heart and a balanced mind. If I have inspired disagreeable argument or opened painful wounds, I have done so with no malice and solely because of a persuasion that certain topics, too often the subject of whisper and gossip, should be aired frankly.

I feel it most important to emphasize that the contents of this

book are in no way intended to depict the official attitude of Department of Defense, Department of the Army, Eighth Army, or any other branch of the military establishment. It would be the very opposite of my intention if the fact of my military rank were to be construed as giving undue "weight" to what I have written here. Korean Tales reflects no more—though, surely, no less—than my own experiences, observations, and opinions and bears the imprint of no other authority of any kind.

M. B. V.

This is how it was

PERHAPS YOU SAW that picture of the young man sprawled in the dirt of Korea with his face mutilated and a wound in his side and with his outstretched hand mangled by angry cuts. But no, of course you didn't, because that was a picture General Headquarters in faraway Japan decided wouldn't be good for the public at home to see and so it wasn't released and maybe it was just as well that way.

Still, people who pay the bills and furnish the men to make possible such pictures ought to know something of what passed before the calm camera record was made, and possibly they would like to be told in a matter-of-fact and mild way; and if they wouldn't, well then they should be made to listen anyhow just once at least.

The young man whose last picture that was bore the name of—but then that's no matter because it would be meaningful to only a few people and already they've been told how he fought heroically and was a fine comrade and it doesn't matter to the rest who he was. But it does seem that they ought to know how that sort of thing can come upon a fellow soldiering away off in

a peculiar country for a cause that's a little dim for him in its details.

When a conversation concerning him was going on back at Army Headquarters, Corporal Jim (Jim was his first name) didn't know a thing about it and wouldn't have known if he'd been listening, and neither did the Army Commander and his Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Operations know they were talking in any way whatever about Corporal Jim or his future.

"General," the Assistant Chief said, "I believe we should push up and seize this area lying in a triangle from DS2973 to DS4379 to DS3397," and with those letters and figures the Assistant Chief had indicated a huge plot of mountainland on a map under a military grid system with which any spot on the earth's surface can be located; but where Corporal Jim was then neither of the officers knew or needed to know and as to where he was according to that grid system Jim had not the slightest notion nor the least interest.

The Army Commander thought pretty well of the Assistant Chief's proposal and that at least it was something concrete even if it was on a very broad scale and would involve a good many thousands of nebulous men on both sides, so he dropped in next door to see his Chief-of-Staff and suggested, "Let's get Ten Corps to move some of its people up in here about six miles," and of course he was pointing to a spot on a map. A Chief-of-Staff reacts right briskly to the wishes of an Army Commander and so this one, who was even more efficient and responsive than most, at once summoned the Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Intelligence and asked him, "What has the enemy got in this area?" and again a finger was laid on the triangular plot in the mountains where at that moment Jim was washing his spare drawers in a sparkling little stream and thinking of his young wife standing in line at the automatic laundry down the street with a bundle under her left arm and two-bits in her right hand, as he once had seen her.

The Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Intelligence said he had a lot

of reasons to believe there was a Chinese Army Corps more or less in the northern part of the target area but that he thought our people could move in there all right if willing to accept some losses and if willing to accept some more because of counter-attacks he believed could be expected for sure, so the Chief-of-Staff picked up his phone and told the Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Operations to go ahead and prepare an order covering that deal the Old Man was interested in and they had been talking about.

The Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Operations summoned the officer who directed his Plans Division and told him what the Army Commander wanted and what the Chief-of-Staff wanted and what he wanted and also what the Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Intelligence had opined about the Red enemy and what the latter could be expected to do by way of reaction to the projected operation. The Plans Chief put his officers and men to work and they talked and studied and wrote staff memorandums about co-ordinates and logistics and artillery support and troop strength, and while all this was going on Jim was lying in the warm sun waiting for his clothes to dry and wondering if the papers had been screwed up somewhere in channels or were they getting his increased allotment at home all right because Jim just recently had won his second stripe and become a corporal.

With the passage of another day the Plans Division had evolved a Plan and had put it in writing complete with necessary Message Orders and the Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Operations had concurred and the Assistant Chief-of-Staff for Intelligence had concurred and the Chief-of-Staff had said it looked to him to be in proper shape to lay before the Old Man. The Army Commander looked it through and found it was quite a bit different from what he originally had framed in his mind and in fact that it was quite a bit better, so he told the Chief-of-Staff that this was exactly what he had asked for and to compliment all concerned on their ability to formalize his wishes and to go

ahead and send the Plan and Orders to X Corps which he hoped would use his ideas with some aggressive horse sense not to mention fire power, all of which meant that the Plan had been, as the army puts it, finalized.

Across the compound in the Cryptograph Division of the Signal Center, which was sandbagged against air raiders who never yet had come, officers and men sworn to "top secrecy" and trained to stay under the rug went to work to put the Plan and Orders into a code that would keep the enemy in the dark should he be bold enough and smart enough to tap our teletype lines, which we suspected sometimes he did, and while this was going on Jim was riding with his outfit in a truck train along corrugated Korean roads from a forward rest area to somewhere more forward and he was licking dust off his lips as he told his fellows about the Japanese guide in Beppu who had done quite a lot for him and also stolen his wrist watch.

Once the Army Commander's Plan and Orders had been transformed into code, the resultant gibberish was handed to the teletypers and one of them danced his fingers over the keyboard and paper tape marched out of the black machine punctured with thousands of holes in an orderly, mechanized, but puzzling manner, after which the perforated tape was fed into another machine which sucked it up like a strand of spaghetti and chattered merrily all the while. Up toward the front but not too far toward the front where X Corps Headquarters was waiting for something and maybe this was it, still another machine began to click and bump and spit tape with the same thousands of holes in the same ordered arrangement and this tape was carried to a tightly guarded room where it was run through yet another machine that typed out again the Army Commander's Plan and Orders, only they still were in code. There were Cryptograph people here too and they got their secret books from the heavy safe and began to figure, and right now Jim and his outfit were bivouacking in a leafy little valley

where they could hear the whoosh of shells overhead and they wondered for a while whose they were.

When Corps Cryptographers had completed the decoding job the Army Commander's Plan and Orders were rushed to the Corps Chief-of-Staff, who scanned them and clucked his official tongue before he went into the next office and laid the papers before the Commanding General of Corps and said, "Well, they finally got off their tails back there and sent us something such as it is." The Commanding General of Corps went over the papers pretty carefully and then leaned back and remarked that this was a hell of a wobbly Plan and that the Orders were damned loosely drawn and that he'd have to think the whole matter over for a while before he decided what to do. The Corps Chief-of-Staff solemnly returned to his office and gave directions that Orders be prepared to go forward to Division to carry out the Army Commander's wishes which he knew the Commanding General of Corps would want to do in a few minutes and he was right. ◦

Farther forward but not too far forward the Corps Order was received and decoded in much the same way and the Division Chief-of-Staff took it to the Division Commander in his van and said, "Well, Corps finally has come to life again and given us something to go on such as it is," and the Division Commander rustled the papers and scowled at them and growled that the Order was drawn very loosely and quite in keeping with what he usually was expected to work with and that nevertheless he would go ahead and do the best he could but to wait a little while because perhaps he would want first to phone that obtuse Commanding General of Corps and get a thing or two straightened out. The Division Chief-of-Staff returned to his office, which was floored tent, and gave directions that Orders be prepared for Regiments to carry out the Plan of the Commanding General of Corps because he knew the Division Commander would decide to do this pretty soon without using his

phone at all and of course he too was right, and while this was going on Jim was muttering in his sleep in a pup tent because he felt his crowd soon was going into the line again and he was upset and nervous as always at such a time and as he used to be on the job in the woods back home just before he would climb to a great height and top a tree.

The Division Commander's Order arrived down at Regiment about 0500 hours of a cool morning and was deemed of enough importance to justify waking the Colonel, who threw off his blankets and sat muttering on the edge of his cot as he read the flimsy paper, and he announced to all within hearing that it was a damned funny thing that an apparently normal nice man as soon as he became a Division Commander spent all days and most of the nights thinking of impractical and impossible and unbelievable jobs for others to do and that by gosh he was going to balk about this but the Colonel put on his clothes and had a mug of coffee and went about preparing to carry out the Division Commander's Order, which, in simplified form, was to mount to that ridgeline about a mile forward and clear it of enemy and hold it.

When the Battalion C.O. got the word it was different. He remarked it was about time the Old Boys back down the line made up their minds and he was thinking this one would be good for a Silver Star if it came off all right and he was thinking too about how best to get on that hill and lose as few of his boys as possible. This business of the calculated acceptable loss always was the rough thing about such operations for the responsible officers like the C.O. here and the Colonel of the Regiment and the Division Commander and the Commanding General of Corps and the Army Commander because these men had been well put through the military mill while it had ground out a couple of previous wars and they knew what to expect and that it always hurt. Late that afternoon while the artillery pounded the ridge and an air strike of rockets and bombs and some napalm was laid down, the Battalion C.O. deployed two

of his companies and moved them across the valley floor and up the hill where most of them reached the top but not all and from which most of the enemy fled except some who very quietly remained.

Jim's Company didn't go up the hill that afternoon. It remained in the valley as Battalion reserve and its Captain went to confer with the Battalion C.O., while Jim's Platoon Lieutenant told his men he didn't know for sure yet but he'd bet they'd get the dirty job of going up the hill that night and relieving the others and of course he was right. So they busied themselves acquiring the rations and ammunition and odds and ends they would need for a day or two or three dug in.

The trilliums were out in the valley and Jim walked his nervousness under the trees among the three-leaved blossoms like those of his home country. He spotted buttercups and dandelions and dog-tooth violets and even wild strawberry blooms. The grass was green even if dusty and it grew under trees which Jim recognized as chestnut and beech and cedar. Near a mud house with the thatched roof burned off there were cultivated apple and cherry trees and in the trees were starlings and swallows while up above, maybe puzzled but not startled by the rush of the shells, wheeled crows and a brilliant blue magpie. Jim was back for a while in a pleasant world he knew very well where there weren't any soldiers and there wasn't any enemy and there weren't any people who sat in ornate rooms at huge hardwood tables and talked about war as though it were a supernatural monster at large on Main Street instead of one of man's own unique pastimes. But then small arms began to rattle on the ugly hill ahead and a machine gun nastily tore the air and Jim went back to his platoon area and irritably cussed out the fellow who was sitting on his pack.

Dusk came to the valley when the scorched hill where the other companies were still was crowned with bright light from the falling sun and even when Jim's platoon and company moved out across the lowland in darkness the ridgeline was

edged with rays refracted by high-riding dust. But they never caught up with the light and some of them never would again, for when they had sweated and stumbled up the rocky twisting steep trail to the backslope just below the crest the sun had fled over the mountains and only a smudge of murky pink stained the sky faintly in the west like an echo dying unwillingly away.

The men of the other companies, who had worked and won, were weary and grumbling but glad to be going as they moved off and down the trails toting their arms and packs and some of their wounded who could not walk and their dead. They darted a few ribald remarks at the newcomers but not many and none worth answering and they spurred no response, for Jim and his fellows didn't give a damn just then for what any others thought or said or did because they were thinking only about what was coming and how they could prepare for it and they couldn't and that nobody ever had, at least not well enough. They had to spread out along the ridge because there naturally are not as many men in one company as in two companies and when Jim dropped into his foxhole he knew that off in the gloom to his right and to his left were other foxholes that were empty and there is nothing at all comforting about empty foxholes up front unless they belong to the fellows in the other uniform. The Sergeant came out of the gloom and said to keep quiet and be sure to stay awake and he went on his way along the ridge as though he were tiptoeing and Jim wondered if the so-and-so really believed anyone would dare make noise or be able to sleep and it was so quiet Jim imagined he heard his own thought aloud and he was startled and ducked below the rim of his hole. That was when Jim knew he was going to be scared and that he already was and that it was getting chilly and he was shivering a little.

The stars were a lot brighter and sharper that night than they had any right to be except in a theater where the scenery is handmade and the light is manufactured and Jim noticed that some of them actually were so luminous they hurt his eyes when

he looked right at them and of course that was because Jim's pupils were dilated like those of an animal trapped and bewildered and terrified but quiet and expectant. Jim finally found himself cursing the stars as the night wore along because they lit up the countryside in a dim and ghostly way and Jim figured they did the same for him, and then he remembered how the stars had helped him many times pass through the big woods back home and how thankful he had been and he thought what a hell of a situation a man is in when he can find it in his heart to curse the stars.

A breeze was fingering among the hills later when Jim keyed open a ration can and tried to eat a bit but the racket of his chewing clashed so on his raw nerves that he had to give it up and besides he knew he wasn't hungry but just had a nervous stomach as they say. When he screwed the cap off his canteen and tilted it to his dry lips the sound of the water pouring down his throat seemed louder than that of the distant little stream below in the valley and Jim choked and dropped to his knees in his hole to bury his face in his blanket and he tried so desperately to stifle his coughing that for minutes afterward his chest and throat throbbed. When Jim got up his knees were trembling. Oh my God, thought Jim, I'm scared I'm scared I been all through this before and still I'm scared. Jim thought of taking off then, off down the hill in the darkness away from that chasm of horrible emptiness ahead but he was more afraid of that thought than of anything yet, and he peered into the darkness to the right and to the left for he imagined his fellows must hear his thumping heart and the sound that smote his ears when he swallowed and he could see them with his mind's eye all standing calmly in their holes and looking sadly and reproachfully at him, and then Jim damned himself and shook himself mentally for his sense of oneness with them told him they were suffering with him and in the same way, but by themselves as he was.

The sound came then. It came from down the hill ahead

and out of the blackness beneath the little cedars there and it rang in his ears like a gong. Still it was only a little sound like the sharp fall of a pebble or the snap of a twig but it seemed to vibrate in the pool of darkness before his eyes. Jim crouched motionless and tense like the deer he once had sighted in the woods just as it caught his scent. Minute after minute Jim tightened like the spring of a watch being wound and his knuckles were white around his rifle and his eyes were wide with stiffened lids under the rim of his helmet. But there was no more sound and there was no movement midst the endless shadow.

This stone-still and fear-flooded man was the end of the line. In him here on this rampart of his people was all the meaning there was. In him had come to focus the General's Plan and the Army's Orders and the desires of Nations and the Cryptograph's secrets. He was the bulwark of his friends and the target of the enemy. He was trusted from the rear and hated to the fore. The driving force of millions was backing him, the faith of millions was with him there, yet he was alone and his aloneness was as a mortal pain. And all of the plans and force and drive of those millions great and small which had put him here could not help him now. All that was to sustain him was to come from within him and it was no vaunted sense of duty nor fund of loyalty nor selfless love that did it unless all of these fuse to form a torturing desire to live. That he had in full measure. God, how badly he did not want to die!

Jim gasped and was startled into movement. He dropped into his hole to muffle the sound of his heavy breathing, now uncontrollable. He batted his eyelids to loosen the muscles and he flexed his fingers and his arms and then his legs. His color returned and he even blushed at a crazy thought that maybe that sound had been a teardrop from a star. That was a funny idea, Jim mused, and he knew it was one of those he would never talk about to anyone. Some thoughts are lonely too.

An hour before the first-light Jim saw the ghostly mist in the

valley. Under a sky that was losing its black sheen and under stars less crisp the mist formed in the valley and came creeping up among the hillside trees. Jim watched it reaching toward him and he cursed mightily within himself for this would be a mask for the enemy who would make it a shroud if he could. Jim's constricted world grew gray and ever smaller now as the mist tumbled over the ridge and blotted away the sky that would herald the dawn. Jim knew there was danger in this but there was comfort in its closeness too and a deceptive sense of cozy safety that induced his first drowsiness of the long night. He relaxed against the back rim of his hole and stared unseeing into the mesmerizing cloud.

The wraith that was the enemy appeared at Jim's left. He came silently in his shoes of rubber and he moved with the litheness of long training. When he saw the helmeted man in the hole he stopped and stared hard, and fear was smeared over his Mongol face. Jim came wide awake with a great start when he caught a movement from the corner of his eye, but he turned only to face its blinding muzzle blast and to hear the roar of the rifle. He went down from the blow of a bullet that creased his helmet. Jim was up at once for he had caught a glimpse of that other one's face and he knew. By God he's as scared as I am, Jim cried exultantly within himself, he's just as scared as I am and I can get him, I can get that yellow devil!

Jim came to his feet to find a bayonet streaking for his chest and he grabbed the blade with both hands and felt it saw through the flesh of his palms and the tendons of his fingers and he yelled as it tore through his jacket and his shirt and pierced the flesh and lodged between two ribs. The enemy had stumbled and had fallen across the stock of the rifle and Jim could feel the bayonet twist between his bones and tear his flesh. Jim was sobbing now and kicking at the other man who had tumbled partly into the hole and he managed to push away the man's weapon but try as he would he could not grasp his own piece with his slimy hands for his slashed fingers would

not close. He kicked again with his heavy boot and caught the Mongol full in his brown panic-clouded face and then threw himself wildly from the foxhole and rolled in the moist earth. Jim hauled himself with difficulty and pain to his feet, crippled and twisted, because the bayonet had pried apart his ribs and torn the cartilage between and the dislocation of the ribs had ruptured his spine. Jim's pitiful dripping hands were stiff at his side when he started away at a halting lope and he was moaning and whimpering in a way that would have been familiar to any who had known him long years before, and Jim knew that warm liquid was running down his belly and into his navel and to his crotch and down his inner thigh, and then the gun spat again.

Jim was struck a thunderous blow in his back below the shoulder and he spun round as though lifted from his feet and fell heavily with his arms thrust beyond his head and his face in the powdery earth. He was shrieking now, but he didn't know that, and he could only hear shots elsewhere along the ridge and someone's artillery somewhere and midst all this he could hear feet padding toward him hurrying hurrying toward him. God damn him, Jim cried in his agony of expectation, God damn that yellow bastard to hell. Jim could feel the bayonet enter his back and he could feel it find its way through his body and could hear its point grind into the ground beneath him and then he knew when it was dragged out and away from his violated flesh and he heard the footsteps go away.

Jim was quiet now and tight to the earth and his senses were alert. There was no great pain now, nothing much but an awful awareness of everything and of the end of everything. Jim's face was sidewise in the chafing dust and he giggled a little because one eye was clogged and wouldn't blink. He could hear the morning birds twittering and he knew the mist was thinning and that dawn soon would find him there. Jim could see one of his hands before his face and it was caked with dirt and blood and he could see that his wedding ring almost had been cut through by the knife of that enemy. God damn him to hell, Jim said

again, and then he was shrieking again for help from someone from anyone from anything only please please help me Jim said, and then something scalding boiled up from within and bubbled out through his mouth and his nose and Jim lay there watching the hungry earth consume his blood.

That's how it was before the picture was taken.

THE END IS THE BEGINNING

MEN OF EUSAK continued to fight, and some of them died, on each day of the parleys at ancient Kaesong in Korea.

Amid the display of national aspirations and purposes, pique and ambition, and selflessness too, across the green board of the Kisang house in the Pine Capital, no man or men in all the world possessed at once the will and authority to say "Stop the killing." Unless it be laid at the muddy feet of mankind, no blame for this rightfully could be assessed in detail.

Still, it was a somber observation on shattered international morals that while both sides professed desire to cease fighting, there was not enough mutual trust to do it—just do it. The talking went on day after day punctuated by the gunfire of both armies. There is no doubt that the tribunal of history someday will say this hideous situation was the product of an unmoral Communist authority and will justify it in the light of the security requirements and military necessities of nations.

But knowledge of this, even did he possess it, was no balm for the EUSAK soldier forced to offer himself to violence, as every day and night he did, while his leaders and those other leaders

spoke of peace tomorrow or tomorrow or tomorrow. The same was true, no less, of the men of the enemy, who did the same but in greater numbers and at greater cost to them. This is no indictment of those leaders, for they were as puzzled and stricken with their tragic helplessness as any. It is that every wound, every death, every loss after a desire to stop fighting had been reached and expressed by both belligerents was testimony to the inability of men to effect their will when the moral structure on which they might have erected an accord was gone.

On that eighth day of July, 1951, the fifty-fourth Sunday of war in Korea, when the first delegates met at Kaesong, sixteen Eighth Army soldiers were killed in the continuing fighting, sixty-four were wounded, and fifteen were missing. Southward in safe Seoul that night war correspondents accredited to EUSAK staged a disorderly protest over the fact they had not been allowed to "cover" the preliminary meeting. . . . It was necessary even for General Matthew Ridgway to drop his onerous task of negotiation, on which the world's fate seemed to depend, and go to the correspondents' billet in an effort to appease. He was courteous but firm in his refusal to have the parleys jeopardized by premature press intrusion. No doubt, too, he had in mind a message which had gone out that day from Major General Floyd Parks, Department of the Army Chief of Information, which said: "Arranging for an armistice during the progress of actual fighting is one of the most delicate negotiations in human affairs and must necessarily be conducted in strictest secrecy. Moreover, ultimate success must depend in some measure upon the willingness of the public to await concrete results and especially to refrain from violent reaction to incomplete or unfounded reports and rumors."

The hopeful public was willing, very willing, but many of the war reporters were bitterly resentful. They had been deprived of an opportunity to "make a showing." Success or failure of the projected negotiations was the army's problem, not theirs. They wrote stories of a thirteen-car train then standing at Seoul's

railway station. It would, they said, be used by "the brass" at the conference site, and it was described, by Associated Press for instance, as a train of "two kitchen cars, a dining car, private compartments, tile baths, plush coach rooms with soft, over-stuffed chairs, and three cars with desks, map tables, and cabinets." Others wrote of the "lavish" supplies being put aboard, including "many cans of big mushrooms," and of the many cooks and Korean attendants to "do the polishing." As all journalists know, that was "loaded" writing intended to convey to the public that the army wallowed in luxury. It was false in fact, and shameless in intent.

Next day, July 9, there was no meeting at the house at the foot of Pine Tree Peak at Kaesong, for it had been agreed that the first agenda session of the permanent negotiators would be held July 10, but even so the fighting went on and EUSAK suffered nineteen killed, sixty-nine wounded, and five missing. Back in the United States David Lawrence, columnist, was telling his readers: "All the double talk in the world will not erase the simple fact that the United Nations is quitting in Korea without achieving its objectives." He recalled the United Nations resolution of October 7, 1950, which had ordered that "all appropriate steps be taken to ensure conditions of stability throughout Korea."

North of Dragon Water Mountain and north of Mount Tukmul, which is sacred to the Shamans of Korea, there was excitement July 10 in the apple-orchard vale that contains Kaesong. The big green helicopters flew in bearing the United Nations negotiators, four Americans and one South Korean, and down from Pyongyang, in Russian and captured American jeeps, came the Communist delegates. That day General Ridgway moved into a tent in an orchard near Munsan, a few miles south of Kaesong but inside EUSAK lines, so that he might be in close touch with his representatives. EUSAK suffered sixty-four casualties, fourteen killed, and that day, too, the "luxury train" moved from Seoul to Munsan and was revealed,

to the unwritten embarrassment of the correspondents, to be their press camp—sleeping, eating, and working quarters, “luxuries” and all. The war writers were sheepish indeed, and there was an abrupt halt to stories describing the “plushness” of the very ordinary train of cars. In fact, the magazine *Newsweek* now described the train as “a creaky, eleven-car train, nicknamed The Bedlam Local.”

July 11, as the second meeting at Kaesong found the delegates trying to agree on an agenda, EUSAK suffered eighty-eight casualties along the grumbling front. Five press service and commercial news photographers that day were “smuggled” into Kaesong as “military photographers.” There was some discussion as to the ethics of this undertaking, but no formal protest came from the Communists if they knew of the deception. Hint of disagreement ahead was contained in a Red radio broadcast from Pyongyang which said a zone of demarcation between the two armies should be established along the 38th Parallel and take in all territory ten kilometers (about six miles) north and south of that line. Eighth Army already was fortifying the line on which it then stood, miles north of the suggested area at most points. That night a rash of stories went out to the world from disgruntled correspondents, some of whom accused General Ridgway of breaking his promise to supply as much information as advisable. The Associated Press said the army ordered its phone operators to “ration” press calls (a necessity when an army is at war, it should be observed). “Some operators,” said AP, “followed the order rigidly. Others didn’t . . . and permitted calls to go through unhampered. It was a case of the man who found the right operator getting his dispatch out ahead of one unlucky enough to be hooked up to a plug-puller.” AP meant, of course, that some correspondents persuaded some soldiers to disobey orders, and so contribute to what AP called “snarled telephone lines.” As a matter of cold fact, the army that day, at not one cent of expense to the commercial press, had moved 300,000 words to agencies and newspaper offices in

Tokyo, and to do this had surrendered 60 per cent of its Korea-Japan communications facilities to the press.

Eighteen Japanese correspondents arrived to report the conferences. This represented re-entry of the Japanese into world journalism. They had not previously been permitted in Korea, and Koreans, incidentally, did not welcome them on this occasion.

Old, conservative Kaesong was known in Korea as "The Closed Door Village." July 12 it became just that when the Communists refused to permit Allied war correspondents to enter the city. The Reds said no agreement had been reached on the subject, which was true. General Ridgway decided to make an issue of the fact that Kaesong, theoretically neutral, actually was surrounded and occupied by armed Reds. He called off further sessions. That day EUSAK recorded 116 casualties among its fighting men; nine Americans were killed and thirty-nine wounded; ten Republic of Korea troops were killed, forty-eight wounded, and three were missing; six other Allied soldiers were wounded.

Next day, July 13, the conference was in a state of temporary collapse over the issue forced by the correspondents, vociferously indifferent to consequences, although never in history had news reporters attended a battlefield meeting of combatants looking toward a life-saving armistice. Ridgway, via radio, proposed to the Communists that a five-mile neutral zone be set up around Kaesong. That day eight Americans were killed in the continuing fighting, eighty were wounded, and eight were missing; seven ROKs were killed and twenty-six wounded.

At 9 P.M., on July 14, the Red radio broadcast agreement "in principle" to allow newsmen to enter Kaesong. In the battle of bullets sixteen Americans died and seventy-seven were wounded; ten ROKs were killed and thirty-four wounded; ten other Allied soldiers died. All told, that day EUSAK lost 205 men to enemy action, and *Newsweek's* Compton Pakenham wrote: "I was most impressed at the furious reaction of several GIs to the

correspondents' hullabaloo over getting into Kaesong—"We've got to go on getting shot at because a few goddam reporters want to get in on a beat? Why don't they give the s.o.b.s a gun each and put 'em to work?" Now the correspondents, particularly the minority who possessed a conception of their rightful place in the pattern of these events so important to so many millions of human beings, became self-conscious and worried. They subsided definitely and completely, wholly content to let the military continue to carry the load.

The conferences were resumed July 15 in a Sunday atmosphere described as "grim and formal." That day EUSAK, buoyant and at work, instituted scheduled passenger train service on the 250-mile trunk railroad from Pusan to Seoul, and at the front lost 116 men, including eleven Americans killed.

During the fourth agenda meeting on July 16 correspondents were permitted to enter Kaesong. They fraternized with their Communist opposites and learned, among other things, that Kaesong had been famous in days gone by for wives who were "practical, shrewd, industrious, money-minded, frugal and who knew how to maintain dignity and 'face,'" and whose husbands mostly were highly successful traveling merchants. In fact, it was said that the birthdays of most Kaesongites fell in Octobers because husbands came home for the New Year holidays in Januaries. While the reporters explored Kaesong, EUSAK experienced the quietest day of the war at the front. No American was killed and but four were wounded; the ROKs, however, lost fifty-two men.

Next day the front again took its toll. July 17, while for the fifth day the delegates were trying to agree on what they would talk about at Kaesong, twelve Republic of Korea men were killed and twenty-seven wounded; eleven were wounded from the forces of the other Allies, and five Americans died and twenty-nine were wounded. Meanwhile, little Lee Siho, reporter for the *Korea Times*, was writing of the by-products of Kaesong with more perspicacity than was shown by most of his Occi-

dental colleagues. He said the 150 Allied correspondents drawn to Seoul by the armistice effort had disputed somewhat bitterly in deciding on the twenty the army was willing to transport to Kaesong, and that European correspondents in particular had complained. He declared the Communists took full advantage of this schism and were attempting to promote and prolong it when Chosen Central News Agency (official North Korean) asked an exclusive interview with the French correspondent. "Should this conspiracy be successful," wrote Correspondent Lee, "and as a result the Frenchman's stories reflect any shade of anti-Americanism, the Communists would have succeeded in possibly encouraging a split between the American and European nations." Lee declared the Red writers daily "made broadcasts to Allied correspondents while they were at the garden of Pongnaejang, awaiting the day's conference ending." So went the wheels within wheels behind the lines.

Next day Peiping radio threatened Eighth Army with "catastrophic results" if the conference failed. It was July 18 and sixteen ROKs were killed, while thirty-eight were wounded; three Americans died and thirty-two were wounded. EUSAK said it had 162,000 Communist prisoners in stockades, 17,600 of whom were Chinese. The writers now were calling the "luxury train" a "rattletrap" and complaining of its food and service.

At this time General Ridgway grew concerned at some of the things he learned correspondents were writing and some of the things being said at home. He was aroused, in the midst of these meetings with the enemy, and fearful for the future of his country when he cabled this message to the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff: "Expressions in press and radio already appearing such as 'bring the boys home' and 'battle-tired troops.' I cannot think of tragedy as great for free world and for us as a second disruption of U.S. military services such as followed our victory in 1945. In Far East Command I shall attempt to the best of my ability, within the dictates of common sense, to prevent all military personnel from indulging in the type of

thinking reflected in such statements. To do otherwise would surrender in cowardly fashion all for which we have been fighting and are prepared to fight. Condoning it would cause us to adopt exactly the line of action desired by the Communists. Emphatic orders to my principal commanders have been issued to the above effect." (Department of Army said it concurred with the Ridgway reasoning.)

The heat of midsummer returned to Korea and the humidity too, which kept men moist night and day. July 19 the Communists at Kaesong raised the question of "foreign" troops leaving Korea, and the United Nations delegates refused to discuss it, declaring it to be political and properly a subject only for a future governmental peace conference. The next day there was no meeting and on the 21st of July the Communists asked for recess until July 25, to which the Allies agreed.

During the hot week of July 19 to 25 inclusive, the Communist army continued to build up its strength in men and matériel and Eighth Army fought to improve its defensive positions well to the north of the 38th Parallel on the peninsula east of Kaesong. ROK Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Im, said hopefully that rice transplanting in South Korea was 83 per cent completed, and during that week EUSAK recorded the deaths in combat of 138 of its men, the wounding of 427 more, and the loss as "missing" of thirty-seven. Enemy losses at all times were several times as heavy. Captured Communist Chinese now were telling EUSAK interrogators that they had been informed the conference "will fail."

At the tenth session at Kaesong on July 26 the conferees finally agreed on what they would continue to discuss. They would, they said, attempt to agree upon a military line of demarcation and establishment of a demilitarized zone between the fighting armies; upon a prisoner exchange method; upon a supervising authority to carry out terms of a cease-fire, and to joint recommendations to be made to their governments. It was a sizable assignment and no one ventured to express undue

optimism. That day American forces began a determined effort to seize high ground wanted as defensive (or jump-off) positions and the Communists resisted bitterly. The limited drive was successful but in six days it cost thirty-two American, seventy-eight ROK, and nine other Allied lives; 756 men were wounded and fifty-one were listed as "missing."

The actual "armistice talks" began July 27, and that day the first British Commonwealth division in history became a reality, made up of all the British, Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, and Indian units in Korea.

As July waned and August began to pass, they still were talking at Kaesong; they still were fighting, suffering, and dying along the 135-mile transpeninsular front—and the new four-star General, James Van Fleet, leader of EUSAK, was saying:

"We must not and will not permit this great United Nations army to become victim of a Communist ambush."

The concept of limited war was attacked publicly by Pyun Yung-tai, the Republic of Korea Foreign Minister, August 2, when he said: "Limited war is, in fact, the sort of unlimited war the Soviet Union loves to wage, which will pick off one free country after another." Mr. Pyun sounded like a prophet of possible doom as he concluded: "Should Korea die deserted, a wail will be heard through the corridors of history, whispering to nations, 'Adieu to Allies, adieu to Collective Security.'"

During the remainder of dusty, humid August, Eighth Army lost 8,681 men. More than 1,200 were killed and 150 of these were American. The majority, but for a dozen or so, were ROK. Throughout September and October the losses continued.

For each minute of fruitless conferring, the site having become the brown tent on the battleline at the hamlet of Panmunjom, two men fell elsewhere along the shaggy front.

As winter flowed southward across Manchuria from Siberia, the casualty lists, by mutual consent of the confronted foemen, shortened. But the talking in the tent continued.

It took five days of talking with the Germans to end World

War I with a cease-fire; two days to end World War II in Europe; four days with the Japanese to end World War II elsewhere. But on those occasions the victors were dictating to the vanquished.

In the tent at Panmunjom it was very different. Both sides were healthy and muscular. And in good voice. Nearly a year after Russia first proposed a cease-fire and an armistice in Korea they still were talking in the tent.

And what was being said there? Few really ever knew. Though never less than six reporters, and usually two to four times as many, traveled to Panmunjom each day of the session, not one of them ever heard an actual exchange between the delegates in the tent. They picked up "after-action" statements from some participants in the discussions and they were not inaccurately briefed following each meeting, but that was all.

Panmunjom after Kaesong almost produced a jargon of its own. At least as to logic and context, it assuredly did so. Had one crept under the meeting tent's flap on the stony-cold late morning of February 19, 1952, he would have found a full-dress plenary session of the principal delegates about to open more than seven months after they first had met, buoyed by a hopeful world. He would have heard U.S. Vice-Admiral C. Turner Joy, chief delegate, speak for the United Nations Command, and General Nam Il, the placid-faced, natty North Korean, speak for his people and their Chinese allies. And, had one the patience it is prayed the reader may possess, he would have heard the following exchange. It is lengthy, it is perhaps tedious, but it is submitted as a rare example of actual dialogue in the delegates' tent and as such it would seem a most revealing indication of the tactics employed there:

NAM IL. "I will make a statement. We have carefully studied the statement made by your side the day before yesterday regarding the revised draft of our side. I must point out that the stumbling blocks standing in the way of complete agreement on item 3 and item 4 of the agenda are created by your side.

Since the fifth item of the agenda has attained its solution in principle, as result of the reasonable revised draft submitted by our side, it is all the more improper for your side to continue to insist on your unreasonable proposition and demands on the third and fourth items of the agenda, thus delaying advent of an armistice in Korea. The draft of the principles submitted by our side on the fifth item of the agenda is very clear in itself. There can be no misunderstanding whatsoever. By the governments of the countries concerned on both sides in our draft principle is naturally meant the governments of the countries concerned on the part of the Korean People's Army and the Chinese People's Volunteers and the governments of the countries concerned on the side of the United Nations Command. By 'foreign forces' in our draft of principles is naturally meant non-Korean forces. And the meaning of 'questions, etc.' in our draft of principles is also very clear. It neither binds the forthcoming political conference to the discussion of certain specific questions nor excludes the possibility of other questions by the political conference. I propose to turn over the work of drafting the details of the articles in the fifth item of the agenda to the staff officers. The time for the staff officers' meeting can be determined through negotiations by the liaison officers of both sides. This is all for the moment."

Joy. "You have suggested that item 5 of the agenda now be referred to staff officers. It appears to us that the agreement which we have reached is a full solution to this item of the agenda. We would like to hear what action you contemplate that the staff officers would be expected to take. In other words, what would be the terms of a reference to the staff officers? Subject to the foregoing remarks, your statement is duly noted."

NAM IL. "We have reached an agreement in principle on agenda item 5. In order to formulate the terms of the agreement which we reached on the principle, we propose to turn it over

to the staff officers' meeting for proper wording and insertion in the armistice agreement."

JOY. "No details are considered necessary. There is nothing for the staff officers to do. Including the draft as it stands in the armistice agreement will constitute a complete solution. We formally propose that the two delegations agree that the wording proposed by you be accepted as item 5 of the agenda and that, as a properly numbered paragraph, it constitutes Article IV of the armistice agreement."

NAM IL. "Then you mean that you oppose turning the matter over to the staff officers' meeting?"

JOY. "I mean that we see no reason why it should be turned over to the staff officers' meeting. We propose that it be adopted as it stands."

NAM IL. "This draft proposal of our side was submitted as a draft for the principles of the fifth item of the agenda which our side considers necessary to be rewritten as an article in the armistice agreement. Our side is prepared to draft the article to be submitted for consideration to the plenary session or to a meeting of staff officers of both sides. Whether it should be submitted to the plenary session or to the staff officers' meeting for discussion can be left to the choice of your side. You may inform us of your choice through the liaison officers."

JOY. "I have no objection to turning over any further mechanical details to the liaison officers with the understanding that there will be no change in or addition to the agreed wording, which we consider to be complete in itself."

NAM IL. "In order that there will be no misunderstanding about the statement I made, I am going to repeat it again. [au. *And he did so.*] Our side is now prepared to undertake the task of drafting the article. If your side is not able to make the decision now as to whether the plenary session of delegates or the staff officers' meeting should discuss the article of the agreement, I suggest that the plenary session now recess and

that it be reconvened or a staff officers' meeting called at your choice, and I hope you will inform our liaison officers whether the plenary session will be convened or the meeting of the staff officers will be convened."

JOY. "As I have said before, we see no necessity for any rewriting. The present draft is adequate and complete and should be included in the final agreement as it stands. Rewriting wastes time and serves no useful purpose. And, as I have said before, I have no objection to turning over further mechanical details to the liaison officers with the understanding that there will be no change or addition to the agreed wording, which we consider to be complete in itself. I therefore propose that this procedure be followed, that the matter be turned over to the liaison officers."

NAM IL. "It is a matter for the staff officers and not the liaison officers to formulate the terms of the armistice agreement. The articles for all the other items of the agenda are being decided upon by the staff officers' meetings on the basis of the already existing agreements on principles. Article IV, the fifth item of the agenda, should mutually also be written on the basis of the principle already agreed upon."

JOY. "We don't agree with you unless you wish to change the agreed wording. It is a matter for the liaison officer. In the other item, the principle required simplification. This is not so as to the agreement we have reached on item 5."

NAM IL. "We cannot agree to your proposal of leaving the matter of formulating the wording of the article with the liaison officers. As to the question of formulating the wording of agenda item 5 into the article, I hope you will inform us whether it should be discussed at the plenary session or should be discussed at the staff officers' meeting; that you will inform us through the liaison officers. I propose to recess the plenary session until we get your answer."

JOY. "We have told you before that we don't consider any recommendation necessary to this armistice agreement. We

have already informed you of our opinion that this matter should be handled henceforth by the liaison officers. This is your draft of the principle. It is accepted by us as it stands and it requires no further amplification in order to constitute a complete solution to item 5. It should be placed in the armistice agreement as it stands. There is nothing for the staff officers to do. The wording already has been furnished. What do you propose that the staff officers do with it?"

NAM IL. "It seems to me that you didn't quite understand why it should be turned over to the staff officers' meeting. I will explain again. [*And he did so.*] As to whether it should be submitted to the plenary session or to the staff officers' meeting for discussion, we leave the choice to your side. You may inform us of your choice through the liaison officers. I propose to recess the plenary session until we get the said information."

Joy. "We have already told you that we don't consider that your draft proposal requires rewriting. We have accepted it as you drafted it for inclusion in the armistice agreement. We agree to recess, with the understanding that item 5 is to be turned over to the staff officers to complete any necessary mechanical details. Our staff officers will not be authorized to change the agreed wording."

NAM IL. "Then we will leave the matter with the staff officers to discuss the formulation of the article of the armistice agreement on the principle agreed upon. We will let you know the time for the staff officers' meeting through the liaison officers."

There was more of the same that day and at session after session before and after, but the sample is enough to portray the wearisome way in the tent at Panmunjom. It was Red dialectics at its best—or worst. On that February morning when Admiral Joy and Nam Il argued fruitlessly and at cross-purposes on item 5 (a proposal, by the way, to talk some more on the diplomatic level at another conference), American battle casu-

alties in Korea attained a total of more than 106,000; the ROKs had lost almost twice as many; the enemy well over a million. It was the thirtieth week of truce-talking; the eighty-fourth of the war. It was the sixth month of the Air Force interdiction "Operation Strangle," but the enemy had grown stronger. The city of Wonsan had cringed for one year under U.S. air and naval bombardment (longest siege of its kind in history), but Wonsan stoically still functioned as an enemy hub.

Nowhere was there sign of trust and but little of faith.

DEATH OF THREE TANKS

OF PEACEFUL INTENT toward all other peoples, those of the United States by 1950 willingly had permitted—had demanded—dismantling of the vast and remarkable military machine which had triumphed on all the world's war fronts in 1945. Thus, when war came in Korea, the United States, as always before in such crises, was not prepared to exert its power.

In days ahead historians may estimate that the men who sacrificially held the Naktong River line to preserve our sole Korean beachhead in the latter half of 1950's summer saved the Free World. Whatever the eventual evaluation of the deed, credit must go to those men alone, for they fought with not enough of anything and not any of some things a great power should have furnished them.

Eighth Army went to war short of everything from men to machine guns. No shortage was more critical or more costly in the blood of men than that in armor.

This, then, is the story of the early tanks of Eighth Army, of three in particular, of the veteran soldier who got them to the right place in the nick of time, and of the incompletely trained volunteers who manned them and died with them.

It is Sunday, June 25, in Japan. Communist arms that morning had surged southward across the 38th Parallel in a bid to destroy the Republic of Korea. In Yokohama Eighth Army's general staff had met at midday with Lieutenant General Walton H. Walker, army commander, and again at midnight. Some officers already guessed U.S. troops would have to take a hand in the mainland conflict.

Next day's news was of South Koreans retreating on the west of their peninsula before charging Russian-made tanks, but of South Koreans standing firm in east Korea, where no enemy tanks had appeared.

No doubt others were of the same opinion, but one Eighth Army special staff officer unhesitatingly emphasized again and again, "We must have tanks!" He knew the need, he visualized the crisis soon to come, he was aware of our sad deficiency in armor. He was Colonel William Price Withers, then serving as Eighth Army's information officer. A West Pointer from Wisconsin, he had distinguished himself in World War II as a tank commander in France and Germany. He had served under Patton in Third Army, for a time in Walker's fast-moving XX Corps. War in Korea abruptly returned his attention to his familiar professional field, military armor. His occupation duties in Japan, operating schools for children of military personnel, supervising Armed Forces Radio Far East Network, collecting and distributing Eighth Army news, faded into the smoke and dust of the growing conflict across the Sea of Japan.

Withers went to Colonel Olaf P. Winningstad, Eighth Army ordnance chief, and big wheel of "Big Five." "Big Five" was the Far East Command salvage operation, which utilized the "leavings" of World War II throughout the Pacific in rebuilding cannon, tanks, trucks, motors, and a hundred more needed machine items. As did General Walker after taking the Eighth's helm in 1948, Winningstad stressed "combat efficiency" for guns and vehicles as well as men. He had installed and operated the only moving assembly and disassembly lines in all Japan.

Such technique was not practiced by the Japanese, mass producers though they had been.

Acting at this time solely on his own responsibility, Withers said to Winningstad: "Olaf, we must have tanks quickly!"

"Get in my car," Winningstad said. The pair drove from Yokohama up the teeming highway to Tokyo Ordnance Center. It was the 28th of June and the Red horde still was sweeping southward in Korea.

At the ordnance plant Withers and Winningstad located three M26 (medium) tanks, sealed for storage. Mark this trio of inanimates. Their career will be short, but of transcendent significance.

Popularly known as the Pershing, the M26 is classed as medium and weighs forty-three tons. These three mounted 90-millimeter guns; powerful enough, with proper ammunition, to stop the armor North Korea so far had trundled into battle.

The three tanks, as noted, had been sealed only, not encased in plastic as they would have been were they "mothballed" for permanent, preservative storage.

The colonels opened one and gave it a cursory examination. "Looks pretty good," they agreed.

They spent hours this day going over available buildings and plant, studying possibilities. Operating assembly lines were turning out machine guns, 105-mm. howitzers, and 90-mm. guns.

Back in Yokohama Withers still said nothing officially. Bear in mind Eighth Army was not yet committed to Korea. Withers was taking action based solely on his own conception of approaching need, without order, authorization, or instruction. In military service, where chain-of-command necessarily must be rigid and responsible, such a chosen course assures the individual officer so involved of a heavy burden of self-imposed responsibility. He must proceed toward his objective without official support. In short, he'd better be right!

At the end of the first week of the Asiatic aggression, news from the front was extremely disquieting. It was apparent the

United States, and the United Nations, had been challenged by a determined foe well prepared for his task.

Withers, on Sunday, July 2, went to General Walker and the latter's chief-of-staff, Colonel Eugene M. Landrum. He told them of the three available Pershing tanks; that he believed the tanks could be put in shape for use. Walker approved proceeding with work on the trio, but no more, for Eighth Army still was on the sidelines. (At this time some high-ranking officers in Japan were saying two regimental combat teams, about three thousand men each, would be enough to stop the Reds, but Eighth Army's high command didn't agree.)

Next day was in keeping with the old saw. It was Monday: it was blue. Attest, phone call, Winningstad to Withers:

"About those tanks. We opened 'em. They're in poor condition."

"How poor?"

"Plenty. They must be torn down and rebuilt."

"Engines?"

"Same."

It was the first of a long series of disheartening setbacks that would have stalled a man armed with any less imagination, energy, and courage than Withers. As he was to do so many times under similar circumstances in the weeks ahead, Withers said:

"Let's get the job started."

"We have," characteristically rejoined Winningstad.

The following day Withers got a favorable break through another officer who was to be a mighty factor in this desperate success story. Director of Tokyo Ordnance Center was Lieutenant Colonel S. E. Smith, known as "Pappy." He had produced fifteen twelve-cylinder V-type GAA 525-horsepower engines. Solely through the desire to avoid waste, to salvage the usable, on his own volition without official authorization, keeping Japanese labor busy during slack periods, Smith had rebuilt the engines during the past year. They would do for

installation in medium tanks. Three of them would power the three Pershings Winningstad was disassembling. Anticipated delay for engine reconstruction could be avoided.

Smith also had completed factory plans and emptied necessary buildings. He aimed to be ready for the job he believed was coming.

During July's first week the pressure of tragic urgency grew. News from the Korean front was all bad. Russian tanks were running wild. Withers was sure the only complete answer would be United Nations tanks in sufficient quantity and with enough armor, speed, and fire power to oppose them.

He knew that American troops in Japan, in training and in carrying on occupation duties, possessed and had employed only M24 tanks. Use of these light models had been made necessary by inadequate and fragile Japanese road and bridge installations. They would be no match for the Red monsters now ripping through the Korean countryside.

He surveyed U.S. Army storage points and found:

Only ninety-two of the needed medium tanks in all Japan, sixty-four at Tokyo Ordnance Center and twenty-eight at Kobe Base. They were type M26 (Pershing), weight 43 tons, armed with a 90-millimeter gun, and type M4A3 (Sherman), 37 tons, 76-mm. gun.

BUT ALL WERE UNSERVICEABLE and would have to be completely torn down and rebuilt before becoming usable! And 75-mm. guns on some of the early Shermans were of too small caliber to do the job.

Why was this equipment deteriorated because of inadequate processing for storage? There was but one unofficial answer available in the Far East: Washington had failed to allot necessary funds.

Now it became apparent, when the 24th Infantry Division was alerted, that Eighth Army was going to war. The 24th had seventeen M24 tanks (too small) armed with 75-mm. guns (too light). Five of the seventeen were worn out. The terrible prob-

lem was posed. The story of the subsequent decimation of the heroic 24th has been written in its blood.

Walker, the frosty Texas professional soldier who knew cavalry (tanks are mechanical steeds), called Withers to his Yokohama headquarters office.

"You," he said, "will handle armor."

Withers proceeded now with the backing and confidence of the commander, soon, by the way, to bear as crushing a burden of life-or-death responsibility as any recorded in our military annals.

Through General Headquarters, Far East Command, Tokyo (the military channel upward), Walker radioed Department of the Army, Washington, D. C. He asked that a battalion commander and a tank battalion cadre be rushed to Japan from the United States, where medium-tank trained personnel were available. The reply directed him to "justify" his request, which meant: "Tell us why you need these men and how you propose to use them."

Withers found no difficulty in doing so. But each such exploration of the formalities, and there were others, meant added delay.

Meanwhile, "Pappy" Smith pushed ahead at the ordnance center. He knocked twelve-inch brick and concrete walls out of the ends of buildings and so put the new assembly lines quickly under shelter. Thereafter, the weary old tanks passed over the prone walls as they entered the line for treatment and again as they left renovated. With swarming indigenous labor, Smith turned a nearby swamp into a three-quarter-mile tank test track.

At the same time Smith was recruiting and hiring a tank labor force that eventually turned out to be 1,800 Japanese workers, a few possessed of some mechanical training.

Withers requested authority to organize a medium tank platoon, one officer and nineteen men. GHQ, Far East Command, said "justify." He did.

At this midway point in Nippon's mellow summer a light tank platoon was frolicking through amphibious training along the coast of gleaming Sagami Bay. There at Camp McGill, 5th Cavalry's station, were a lieutenant and nineteen men composing a platoon of A Company, 77th Tank Battalion, 7th Infantry Division. Little did they know, nor would they in their glorious youth have believed, that History was about to enfold them in its dangerous embrace.

First Lieutenant Samuel R. Fowler, a reserve officer on active duty, and his nineteen men reported to Withers on the Fourth of July, no holiday now for the military. They were the first tiny increment of the tank forces Withers was so certain would be needed. He took the Lieutenant and his platoon to the ordnance center and directed them to supervise the Japanese working on the three Pershings. It was a military "marriage" of much moment.

Informally, Withers and others were "recruiting"; inviting, persuading, cajoling World War II tank veterans, now in other army branches in the Far East, to volunteer for the tank program. They got results.

On July 8, the tank and engine disassembly line, envisioned by Withers, fathered by Winningstad, and organized and operated by "Pappy" Smith, began hauling out engines, pulling transmissions, stripping guns, untangling intricate electrical systems. They cut corners. For instance, "If a gyro stabilizer won't work," Withers ordered, "ignore it. A tank'll run anyhow."

They started engine production, which meant dismantling first. In almost all engines they found water and rust in cylinders, rust on pistons and piston sleeves; ignitions gone beyond recall; rubber parts deteriorated beyond use. In the absence of plastic, machine crevices that gave entry to the elements of destruction merely had been taped over.

Coincidentally, they were picking up one, two, three men a day, occasionally an officer. The newcomers were assigned at

the ordnance center to oversee work on guns, tracks, transmissions, engines, radios—according to their specialties in knowledge and experience.

Every tank part, from smallest nut to bulky turret, had to be washed in solvent; carburetors were cleaned, generators rewound, clutches given new plate springs, transmissions rebuilt.

On July 3 and thereafter doomed elements of the 24th Division tried to stem the enemy flood at Osan. Now they and the South Koreans were reeling back on Taejon.

General Walker, July 7, flew to Korea to view the scene of his approaching bitterly difficult assignment. Withers was with him. From the air they saw the Red tanks, without appreciable opposition, spread havoc. They were back at Yokohama July 12.

That midnight, July 12-13, Eighth Army, veteran of Leyte, Mindoro, Luzon, Mindanao, Palawan, and Zamboanga, formally was given the order by Far East Command (General MacArthur) to assume field responsibility for the United Nations' campaign against militant Communism in Korea.

The dawn that followed the midnight order found work finished on the three Pershing tanks at Tokyo Ordnance Center. Withers, with Fowler and his men, gave the tanks the four-hour test run that day and fired three rounds from each of their guns against an embankment in residential Tokyo. (It would have required a five-day round trip to take them to the established tank firing-range in Japan.)

Burdened with prayerful hopes, the three Pershings were put onto giant tank transporters and hauled along Tokyo bayshore to Yokohama's port. From a pier they were run aboard an LCT (Landing Craft, Tank). Fowler fell into a berth on the ship and slept motionless for thirty hours. He was exhausted from days and nights of preparatory work. He had fourteen men now.

Four agonizing days ensued, while the LCT slowly rounded the southern tip of Japan and made its way to Pusan, U.S. supply terminal in southeast Korea. Withers flew to Pusan to prepare for its arrival. The tragic fall of Taejon was near now,

while, at Tokyo, GHQ authorized organization of the 8072nd Medium Tank Battalion (thirty-nine officers, 671 men). Tankers actually then enrolled: ten officers, 133 men!

Sunday, July 16, three weeks after initial violation of the 38th Parallel, three more Pershings and twelve Shermans were ready to go, but not yet tested, at Tokyo Ordnance Center.

The next day Fowler, his men, and his three tracked vehicles, now designated the 8064th Tank Platoon (Provisional), reached Pusan and were transferred from ship to train. It was a seventy-mile rail run from Pusan to Taegu, where Eighth Army's forward headquarters then was located. It took the wheezy Korean steam train twelve hours.

On low hills at the edge of Taegu's valley, with Withers as coach, Fowler and his men practiced tactics, began to learn to know the tanks, their guns, their equipment, and their behavior. They were handicapped severely, for they had been trained only in the lighter and simpler M24 with its gun of much less range and striking power.

Each man was allowed to fire two practice rounds. That left them with a meager 170 rounds for the clash sure to come—and soon. The Reds had much more in any one of hundreds of dumps.

The pitifully small, inadequately trained, and poorly munitioned tank force prepared doggedly, while Taejon fell bloodily and North Korean forces began their drive through southernmost Korea in an effort to roll up our left flank and race into Pusan. Had this maneuver been successful, our forces would have died, been captured, or forced to flee seaward.

One factor seemed to be giving us desperately needed time. Apparently the Communist enemy, because of slow-moving supply transport, was unable to advance rapidly for more than a day at a time. He came on in jerks, a circumstance for which Eighth Army was grateful, because no battalion or battery, no regiment, no division at this time had a reserve.

Withers was working to remedy the ammunition lack. He

queried all ordnance officers in the Pacific area. At Okinawa he located minimal quantities: 1,000 rounds of high-explosive 90-mm. anti-tank ammo, 1,275 rounds of 90-mm. "HVAP" (high-velocity armor-piercing ammo), and a small amount of HVAP with a muzzle velocity of 3,350 feet per second. In Japan there was none!

He radioed Department of the Army for more HVAP from the United States. The answer: There was none, but it was being manufactured and could be expected about October 1.

Withers felt sure our HVAP at 90 mm. was the needed answer to the Russian 33-ton T34 tank at long range. In Korea the T34 was winning battle after battle for the Communists. It was a formidable field weapon with its 1.8-inch-thick rolled armor plate sloped at 45 degrees on front and sides, its powerful 85-millimeter cannon, and its massive turret made of three-inch thick cast armor plate. U.S. troops said our 75-millimeter shells from the ineffective M24 Shermans bounced harmlessly off the T34. Withers doubted that story, but he agreed we needed more tank fire power than we had.

"It's not necessarily that which is true that counts," he observed, "it's what the man on the firing line thinks is true."

At his urging, Eighth Army, through GHQ, Far East Command, asked Washington for ten complete tank battalions as soon as possible from the United States.

Withers was planing and jeeping to all parts of the ragged, indefinite, sagging front—at Chonan, Chochiwan, Yongdong, Kumchon he studied characteristics of the Red tanks, and the manner in which the Communist soldier used them.

"It was plain what was happening," he said, "and it was plain what we had to have—tanks and more tanks with which to fight tanks. The Reds were breaking through our infantry, knocking out our artillery, then turning back after our infantry. Our men were laying anti-tank mine fields but failing to protect them, and the natives were pointing them out to the enemy. Our air was doing all that could be expected, but it just wasn't enough."

Back at army headquarters in Taegu, Fowler and his fourteen-man platoon still were studying their Pershings. They were making progress, but Withers knew they had been asked to absorb training in a few days that should take months. He had radioed Stateside for an officer and platoon of men completely trained on Pershings and they had been promised. But somewhere in the vast shuffling of military personnel now under way they had been lost. They never did show up.

And the Reds wouldn't wait. Their thrust around the left flank was becoming a serious menace to vital Pusan.

Withers suggested to Eighth Army's chief-of-staff that Fowler and his men and the three medium Pershings, the only ones we then had in Korea capable of meeting T34s on anything approaching even terms, be sent south to guard the coastal highway to Pusan. It was agreed this would be done.

Now occurred the tank fan belts incident. Its background offers a unique story within a story. Here it is:

An M26 Pershing tank is equipped with ten belts on its cooling and electrical system, eight of them in pairs driving four cooling fans. They wear and stretch quickly, and must be replaced in pairs.

The three tanks of Fowler's platoon, now on the way by rail to Masan, thence to go forward under their own power to strategically important Chinju, possessed belts from World War II stocks. They had been tested on the track four hours, the engines three hours more, and showed no signs at the time of disintegration. With the tanks were extra belts, but not enough.

So Winningstad had a Japanese manufacturer rush production of one thousand fan belts. Lacking steel cores, they stretched so as to be unserviceable.

At 7 P.M. of an evening late in July, Withers called Tokyo and asked Winningstad to get belts with cable cores—and quickly! Winningstad wakened the Japanese factory owner at his home. The latter opened his plant, gathered his workers, and by 3 A.M. had made one thousand belts with the desired

metal cores. By 4 o'clock that morning the belts were in the air bound for Korea on a courier plane.

But tragedy intervened. The big C54 transport plunged into the Sea of Japan. The cause of the disaster remains unknown, but all but one passenger, and of course the all-important fan belts, were lost.

Next night Winningstad and the Japanese manufacturer repeated the top priority belt order. But now bad weather grounded all planes.

Forty-eight hours later the belts arrived at Taegu. Fowler and the three lonely Pershing tanks had reached Chinju.

The belts were enplaned for Pusan in keeping of an officer-courier. At Pusan the port ordnance officer had a plane and a special train waiting. Weather was uncertain. On the special train the courier began his journey. The train had a clear track, right-of-way, and was to operate at top priority. However, the Korean train crew, for such reasons as are never apparent to Occidentals, decided otherwise. The train was sidetracked for hours. Finally, the courier got his "special" to Masan and made his way on to Chinju by borrowed jeep.

Soon Fowler reported by radio to Withers at Taegu that the newly made steel-cored belts were too short. Again Withers phoned Winningstad at Yokohama, Japan. Again Winningstad and the Japanese factoryman worked a crew through the night to make longer belts. These were flown direct to Chinju, weather having cleared, and dropped from the air to the little tank platoon.

Again Fowler's radio spoke: Belts too long.

So the platoon braced itself for the approaching showdown with the enemy with its original fan belts and replacements good for seven hours each.

Time almost had run out for Fowler and his men. A mechanized menace to Eighth Army's entire United Nations coastal bastion, Red T34s were thundering toward them along the dust-smothered highway.

As July waned, U.S. Infantry dropped back from west of Chinju, in the face of the Red tanks and superior numbers of footfighters, and passed through the key town. Fowler had assumed position with his lead tank at the east end of the long bridge over the murky Nam River, a tributary of crimsoned Naktong.

When advised to withdraw by the commanding officer of a retreating armored car outfit, Lieutenant Fowler said:

"I've orders to hold Chinju, and I will."

What happened after that, in detail, has been but hazily and informally recorded. Known facts are few.

Hours later, apparently, Fowler decided to retreat. He ran his three Pershings eastward on the highway toward Masan until he reached a blown bridge. It made escape for tanks impossible. It can only be assumed that United Nations forces had performed the thoughtless act of demolition. The little group of tankers inadvertently had been forgotten.

When he gazed at the demolished span that had been his only escape route, young Fowler must have known the plight of his platoon was hopeless. His subsequent chosen course of action indicates he decided to make a last stand.

Back Fowler went to the bridge approach in Chinju. He stationed his other two tanks in the town behind.

For two days he held the position. That much is known. Then his resistance ceased. Fowler and five of his men have been listed since as "missing in action," but presumption of death is strong indeed.* Of the remainder of the fourteen, some were captured by the enemy and later escaped, others hid under the blown bridge until they could reach friendly lines. All eight eventually

* The necessarily incomplete casualty report made by Casualty Section, Adjutant General, Eighth Army, contains the following statement by Private Van B. Elmore, a member of the provisional platoon: "Lieutenant Fowler, wounded by small arms fire, was being evacuated from tank to stretcher. When fired upon again, the men carrying him took cover under a bridge. The bridge was completely destroyed by [enemy] mortar fire. That was the last time I saw the Lieutenant."

were accounted for, some reaching our lines via native boats on the Nam and Nakdong Rivers.

Weeks later when Chinju was retaken by friendly forces, Fowler's tank stood where it had "died" guarding the bridge at Chinju on the highway to Pusan. Evidence indicated Reds at last had swarmed over it and dropped incendiary grenades inside.

But the three tanks "discovered" a month and two days before at Tokyo Ordnance Center and the platoon of boys "delivered" on the previous Fourth of July had not been found expendable in vain. At a price supremely high to them, but low in cold, comparative calculations in military manpower and matériel, they had purchased two precious days.

Two days, about which Withers said: "Those three tanks let us hold the entire Pusan bridgehead line by gaining time—at least forty-eight hours, maybe more. They prevented the enemy taking Masan and opening the road to Pusan. Two days later we had fourteen tanks there as the 25th Division came in to relieve the 24th. But those three tanks and their crews held the enemy at least two days at a time when we had absolutely nothing back of Masan with which to fight!"

A harassed, but calm and determined, General Walker was shifting troops here, there, and everywhere along the 133-mile perimeter front. Always he lacked a solid defensive line. To plug a threatened gap here, he created an opening there. Fortunately, the enemy failed to take advantage of such opportunities. He was deceived by the rapidity of U.S. forces' movement. Walker gambled daily during this period of critical adversity, but his percentage of wins was enough to add up to eventual victory.

The time came at last when there were five hundred tanks within the United States southeast Korea defense perimeter. For the first time in the war an effective portion of the U.S. ground forces potential began to be realized. As the ground team of infantry, artillery, and armor approached balance, all were more able to do their lethal jobs.

Parity with the Communist army was attained and the perimeter defense line solidified.

By September 2 the last great Red offensive had been blunted, slowed, stopped. September 7 Walker was able to say our northern line was "safe," our line along the Naktong to Masan was "secure." Six days later he declared, "The worst is over." Once more, Walker was right.

The invasion at Inchon came September 15. Next day Eighth Army's tanks burst from the perimeter and the great rout of the Reds was under way.

Withers is happy today in fulfillment. His experience, his professional knowledge, his ability to inspire and lead men paid off in Korea.* His sphere is tanks, but, as he says:

"Success in battle on the ground is gained only when infantry, tanks, artillery, and air are well co-ordinated and properly balanced. Because of circumstances beyond control, this desirable state was not reached in Korea until almost too late. It was necessary, for example, to send our tanks into the line before their crews thoroughly knew their machines. As result, crewmen had to think of technique of operation when they should have been thinking solely of battle tactics."

Withers examined more than two hundred knocked-out T34s. Evidence of Russian origin? Plenty. Guns, radios, ammunition, ammunition boxes, telescopic sights—all labeled as of Russian manufacture. Their radio tubes, by the way, were American, a curious fact for which Withers knew no explanation.

He found tank maintenance record books in the Russian language. At least one attested that the vehicle had been serviced in Russia during July, 1950! Much of the stuff was dated 1949 and 1950. Russia has said officially, it will be recalled, that the North Korean aggressors possessed only such equipment as the Russian army left behind when it quit the zone north of the 38th Parallel in 1948.

* In May, 1951, Colonel Withers was assigned as a tank expert to the U.S. Armor Center at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Wistfully, Withers repeatedly returns to the tanks and boys who fought and died at Chinju bridge. "Don't forget them—ever," he adjures. "Theirs was the isolated and heroic act in battle, I believe, which, more than any other single event, enabled us to save ourselves and so go on to victory." One might venture then, empirically, to muse that if those boys and tanks preserved Eighth Army, they made possible victory in Korea, and so saved the United Nations and . . .

But that's a story still to be written.

The clobber

THE YOUTHFUL, grave-faced correspondent stood at the army censor's desk having his story read.

He had just experienced his first jet plane flight, a part of the standard Air Force initiation for rookie war reporters. He still was excited and tense and he was sure the cable was humming with impatience to carry his words to the home folks. The censor was stony and oh so deliberate.

"You are about to see," the fighter pilot in the story said to the reporter, "why the enemy keeps his head down in daytime. He keeps his head down in the daytime or he may damn well get it blown off; in fact, he may damn well get it blown off anyway."

Whereupon, the story said, the fighter-pilot grinned cheerily.

The young reporter's narrative described the jet whining along the taxi strip to the runway's end and then howling into the sky, a sky that was cold and bright. A haze was draped over the ancient mountains of Korea like a veil on an old lady's wrinkled face.

The jet streaked northwest over the Soebaks and over the

Kum River valley and over the paddy lands and roared 21,000 feet above snow-powdered Seoul toward which Eighth Army then was retreating. "We are heading," the pilot said over the interphone to his passenger, "for an area thirty-five miles north of Seoul where two Chinese armies of three divisions each are reported massed."

"Suddenly," the story said, "the Imjin River snakes below, the natural defense line of the United Nations forces."

Over the interphone the fighter-pilot spoke again: "Notice that on our side of the river there is movement and activity along the roads, but on the enemy bank of the river there is no activity of any kind. That's the difference air power makes. Because we have the air power, the enemy doesn't stick his neck out in the daytime."

"It is true," the censor read, "there was no enemy movement to be seen and the frozen roads were bare brown ribbons below as the jet turned toward Kaesong. As we reached the city's outskirts, we saw U.S. Navy Corsairs diving and swooping and strafing over it."

"We won't get in their way," the jet pilot had said, "we'll go on north and see what we can see."

"The roads are still empty," the story went on to tell the plodding censor. "My pilot suddenly spots foxholes around a cluster of thatch-roofed mud houses. This indicates to him that the houses are occupied by hiding enemy troops. He swoops down on the houses and his 50-caliber machine guns blaze. Our incendiary bullets wink in the smoldering dwellings. In less than four minutes eight dwellings are definitely destroyed and fifteen others are damaged. An elderly man stands fifty feet from one house as we destroy it, and we are low enough to see the man's white beard. The pilot does not harm the old man."

The censor looked up at the reporter. "Nice of him," he said.

"Wasn't it?" the reporter said.

The censor read on: "We howl away from the village. A mountain looms in front and we are almost upon it when the

captain pulls the jet into a soaring climb and swoops up the very face of the peak. He is coolly searching the mountain for the enemy troops. He finds none. Then we sail low over a valley.

"Over to the left, the pilot spots a man walking rapidly along a road. The man is dressed in white Korean garments. 'He's probably a soldier,' the pilot said to me over the interphone. 'They often disguise themselves that way. We'll get him.'

"The jet is banked sharply. We are swooping swiftly upon the unsuspecting man from behind. The machine guns chatter. 'He's still alive,' the pilot said, 'we'll go back and get him.'

"As we banked away, I could see the man had sunk to his knees in the center of the road.

"Again the jet whined down in a dive, and again the machine guns, and this time the man is clearly finished off.

"'We clobbered him that time,' the pilot flatly said. 'Now we'll head for the base.'

"Up we soared to 27,000 feet and the pilot poured on the coal. Six hundred miles an hour—and faster.

"'This is really flying,' I said.

"'We like it,' the pilot said."

The censor leaned back wearily, dropped his pencil, removed his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes. "Quite a story," he remarked.

"Did I get the picture across, do you think?"

"You sure did."

"It was a big thrill," the reporter said.

"Yeh," the censor said, "also maybe a war crime."

THE GENERALS

EARLY IN THE AFTERNOON of February 20, 1951, Major General Henry I. Hodes, deputy chief-of-staff, summoned the chief press censor and three of his assistants to the deputy chief's office at Eighth Army Headquarters. Hodes, an old cavalryman who served as a member of the armistice commission, read the censors a gentle lecture on what to do as censors when a general officer talked out of tune and perhaps too much. The gist of Hodes' remarks: "No matter who is quoted, your job is to safeguard the security and welfare of the army."

Little did Hodes or the censors know that as he spoke a news story was being filed at the censors' office which, from the standpoint of Eighth Army, represented one of the most serious breaches of security to occur during the war and that its source was none other than the United Nations Supreme Commander, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur.

Just the day before General Matthew B. Ridgway, Eighth Army commander, had held a press conference. He had reviewed recent action to halt a Chinese offensive and he had told the correspondents: "We have resumed the initiative and in two or

three days we shall attack." Of course he had enjoined the pressmen against mention of his plans and the censors had "killed" all references to his statements of his intentions.

General Ridgway was amazed, then, that February day in the wrecked mountain junction town of Wonju, when MacArthur flew in from Tokyo and told those same press representatives, without restriction on release, that the Eighth Army would attack.

When the "pooled" press account of General MacArthur's revelations was laid on the censor's desk, the censor faced this dilemma: Here was a news story which should be suppressed for security reasons, even though it emanated from a general officer, yet it came from the one officer who possessed the undoubted authority to make any statement regarding military operations he chose. The censor passed the unembellished MacArthur statement as a direct quotation about 3 P.M.

Then came an order from Major General Leven C. Allen, Eighth Army's chief-of-staff (who had served under Walker and was to see the passing of MacArthur, the elevation of Ridgway, and the tenure of Van Fleet), that no repeat of the MacArthur statement should be passed by the censor nor further reference to it or conjectural stories based on it. Naturally, and with justification, a howl of protest went up from the correspondents. Obviously, the official position taken was untenable, and the order was rescinded and all stories released seven hours later. But the gesture was well understood and the point roundly emphasized that Eighth Army's high command disapproved of the statement made by General MacArthur.

However, the commander-in-chief either was unaware of Eighth Army's displeasure or chose to ignore it, as a subsequent event soon made clear. Next day, February 21, the army's offensive, known as "Operation Killer," got under way. Censorship imposed a complete news "blackout," since Eighth Army's attacking elements, although they went forward eight miles, were but moving into assault positions, were not yet in contact with

the enemy and presumably the latter did not know their exact whereabouts. The next day, February 22, General MacArthur, from Tokyo, issued without warning his Communiqué No. 802, which told the world Eighth Army was about to strike. The communiqué "broke" Eighth Army's security news blackout after it had been in effect (without protest from newsmen, who well understood its efficacy) for 23½ hours. It was the first communiqué GHQ had issued since January 11, when GHQ had announced it would allow Eighth Army to be the sole source of ground combat information, and it was typically Mac-Arthurian in phraseology, scope, and grandiloquence. The communiqué's timing bore the unmistakable imprint of MacArthur's able public relations aide, Major General Courtney Whitney, for it was released in Tokyo at 8:30 P.M., February 21 (New York time), the eve of a national holiday (Washington's Birthday), and all good press agents know that the way to get a page-one "break" in daily newspapers is to hit the slack pre-holiday hours when every newsroom is seeking material with which to fill space.

Be all that as it may, GHQ had telegraphed Eighth Army's punch.

Associated Press' Korean boss, Leif Erickson, wrote and filed a factual account of the sorry affair. It never got past Russell Brines, AP's Far East chief at Tokyo, who was one of the coterie of Tokyo correspondents and others widely known as "the palace guard." *Time* magazine's Korean correspondent likewise filed a story which did not appear in print, and some other correspondents had a similar experience.

Heavy rains swept Korea now and four days later the offensive had bogged down. No one will ever know what portion of this temporary failure should be charged to inclement weather and how much to the disclosure of the army's intention.

It is probable that Eighth Army's resentment toward MacArthur's Tokyo Headquarters reached its peak at this time. It had begun in Japan, the result of the human equation in the

relations of a subheadquarters with a "supreme" headquarters. It was nothing then but the natural feeling of those who "do the work" for those who make the plans and policies. It is a condition that must be taken into account wherever and whenever men serve together in large and complex organizations, and none is larger or more complex than the army.

It is useless to gloss over the fact that Eighth Army did not always agree fully with decisions of MacArthur's Headquarters, although it would be wholly wrong to intimate there ever was anything even approaching indifference or insubordination.

The soreness became a notable irritant when X Corps was sent into Korea as a separate command under MacArthur's GHQ chief-of-staff, the then-Major General Edward M. Almond. Notice was taken of it during the congressional hearings into MacArthur's dismissal, with this colloquy between the General and Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon:

MORSE. "General . . . it is alleged in some writings that we have read that, at the time of the operation last November and December, General Walker of the Eighth Army and General Almond of the X Corps did not maintain communications between each other, but had to communicate through Tokyo, and orders were sent out to them from Tokyo in regard to the practical operations they were on or should carry out in that operation. Is that true or false?"

MACARTHUR. "That is false. The co-ordination of these two forces was in my own hands . . . the liaison between Eighth Army and X Corps was carried on by the normal processes and means, not only by planes, couriers, but by other means. There was as complete co-ordination as I have ever known between enveloping movements. . . ."

MORSE. "It is true then that during the operation engaged in by the Eighth Army and X Corps there was direct communication between General Walker and General Almond, as well as with you as the over-all commanding officer?"

MACARTHUR. "Of course. Both of those officers would co-operate along many lines."

MORSE. "And there is no basis of fact for what I think is the unfortunate allegation, if it is not in accordance with fact—and I am satisfied from the testimony it could not be in accordance with fact—there is no basis in fact then for the charge that General Walker and General Almond were not on speaking terms, as some of the articles said?"

MACARTHUR. "Ridiculous."

MORSE. "I am glad to have that."

MACARTHUR. "And the officers were good friends. General Almond had been my chief-of-staff; General Walker commanded the Eighth Army for several years right out there. And their acquaintanceship lasted over, oh, twenty-five years."

MORSE. "Now, General, a question or two on the exhibit in the record—"

MACARTHUR. "The last time I saw Walker alive I recall that he spoke of a fine letter he had just written General Almond. When we withdrew the X Corps from that enveloping movement caused by the entrance of Red China into the war, I moved the X Corps around to Pusan and placed them as a component part of the Eighth Army; and General Walker expressed to me the great pleasure that he had that he was getting Almond under his immediate command, and of the fine letter that he had just sent him."

MORSE. "Now, General, I would like to ask a question or two in regard—"

MACARTHUR. "All that sort of stuff, Senator, is 'scuttlebutt,' written ten thousand miles away from the scene by these skillful propagandists who were trying to destroy the confidence of the American people in their own institutions. Nothing is viler than the effort that was made to destroy the belief by the American people that their troops were not of the highest quality and did not have adequate and efficient leadership."

At this point, finally, the Senator was able to get the General onto another subject.

Now there is no reason to suppose General MacArthur did not believe everything he said was true.

Nevertheless, many competent observers believed that the relations between Generals Walker and Almond were not cordial and that virtually their only communication was on a formal basis through GHQ. There were indications that Walker was disappointed at the X Corps operation at Inchon and Seoul and likewise with the fruitless operation that followed in northeast Korea.

The late General Walker was a proud, aloof, but sensitive man. He fought and finally had won the desperate battle of the Pusan perimeter. It is not surprising, then, that he was hurt and offended, personally and professionally, when a new corps on September 15 was sent into Korea as a separate command in no way answerable to him and not as a part of the Eighth Army team which had borne up under all the war's early bitterness.

He was disappointed when Almond's X Corps, instead of slashing across the peninsula and blocking the retreat of the North Korean Army then in flight before Eighth Army, used the Marines for a frontal assault on Seoul and the 7th Infantry Division in an encircling move around the southern limits and then into that city. As a result of that move, General Almond was dubbed by some reporters "liberator of Seoul," but while it was going on a large part of the North Korean Army, retreating before the onrushing U.S. Eighth, escaped into North Korea by way of the roads east of Seoul.

During the first week of October Eighth Army relieved X Corps in the Seoul area and by October 9 major Eighth Army units were lined along the 38th Parallel, while South Korean divisions were over the line and took Wonsan on the east coast October 10.

Now Walker fretted while Eighth Army was delayed in its pursuit of the defeated North Korean Army. Tenth Corps was moving out in preparation for the later east coast landing at Wonsan and Hungnam. Movement of the Marine division tied up the port of Inchon for days. Movement of 7th Infantry Division south of Pusan over inadequate Korean highways and war-battered railroads taxed those lines of communication for days. Meanwhile, Eighth Army marked time waiting for an opportunity to build up its own stocks of ammunition and supplies necessary before the drive into North Korea could be resumed. It is known now that the first Chinese troops did not cross the Yalu River until October 12. What is not known, and never will be known, is whether, had X Corps been united with Eighth Army and the combined force as one army under one command driven at once northward in Korea, the Yalu would have been attained and the major portion of North Korea tightly occupied before the Chinese had gotten over the river in sufficient strength to hold.

Almost two hundred vessels, as was the case in the Inchon landing, were needed to put X Corps ashore at the northeast coast cities of Wonsan, Hungnam, and Iwon, already occupied by fast-moving ROK land forces. There were days of delay, the armada lying offshore, when it was discovered harbor and beaches were mined.

Eighth Army personnel, all this while, regarded the X Corps adventure in northeast Korea as a "sideshow." It seemed obvious that the Korean artery of life was the Pusan-Taegu-Taejon-Seoul-Pyongyang axis to Sinuiju and Sakchu on the Yalu, and that is the road Walker's Eighth Army was on. Deployed and strung out in the long, narrow mountain valleys of northeast Korea, X Corps very nearly met major disaster. Only the re-assembly of a giant fleet of ships enabled them to escape by sea when the Chinese Reds came on in some force. And again, the resultant tie-up of shipping reduced the flow of supplies the Eighth Army needed.

All the while Eighth Army was advancing along the main line to Manchuria, its right flank was "dangling." With the exception of small patrol contact at one point, X Corps never linked up in the field with Eighth Army during the campaign in North Korea. The Chinese poured through the gap, Eighth Army was in danger of being outflanked and was forced to give way. It retreated 275 miles to a line south of Seoul, where, in January, 1951, it stood its ground and began again to fight back.

A great deal has been said about the vast change that took place in the "morale" of Eighth Army about that time, how it suddenly became a "professional army," how it became a "killer" overnight, how General Ridgway energetically moved along the front and wrought "a miracle in combat psychology." Something like that did happen and the men of Eighth Army and General Ridgway deserve great credit for the accomplishment, but the General himself would be first to admit that other factors of moment were (1) receipt of additional equipment and (2) placement of X Corps for the first time in line of battle with Eighth Army as an integral part of Eighth Army and under command of Eighth Army. That was what accomplished the great change, which was no miracle at all but only the result of employment of available forces in a militarily realistic and logical manner which for the first time gave Eighth Army enough strength adequately to man a line across the peninsula and to indulge in the luxury of modest reserve forces. From that time on, Eighth Army dealt the Red enemy one substantial defeat after another. At long last, the show was all in the main tent. Many mourned that Walker had not lived to see it and experience the thrill of pulling the throttle of a mighty military machine finally able to hit on all its cylinders.

Walker never became as well known to the American public as did his successor, Ridgway, and the latter's successor, Lieutenant General James Van Fleet. There were several reasons

for this. To begin with, Walker by nature was reticent. He preferred to leave press conferences and public statements to MacArthur, his command superior. Secondly, he was hurt and angered by the irresponsible scatter-gun criticisms aimed at the army and its men in Korea by some correspondents during the agonizing and tragic early life-or-death phase of the war. As result, he shunned the press and so did the officers of his headquarters command group. Thirdly, Walker never employed the services of an officer to look after his personal press relations, as did MacArthur, Ridgway, and Van Fleet, and as Walker should have done. Any army commander, especially in time of war, needs such assistance.

At any rate, Walker had what is known as a "cold press," even at times a "bad press." He was much too naïve on this subject to see that many war correspondents are apt to judge the commander not by his skill or accomplishment as a soldier, but by his showmanship, his outward display of personality, his willingness to stroke the journalistic fur gently and in the right direction.

Neither was it possible for Walker, with his conception of the soldier's duty, to indulge in much public self-expression. He saw himself as battlefield leader for the Supreme Commander, nothing more. He never enjoyed or expected the freedom of action and expression which General Ridgway brought to the Eighth Army scene.

Ridgway came to Korea as the choice of the Joint Chiefs-of-Staff and with the approval of the President. He was chosen at a time when all of those men, by subsequent public admission, were mulling the problem of MacArthur and his possible removal. It must be assumed that a man so alert as Ridgway would have known of that fact when he stepped into the breach created by Walker's death.

More clearly than it could have been in words, the change in relationship between the Supreme Commander and Eighth Army's Commanding General was made plain by attitudes at

the first press conference MacArthur held in Korea after Ridgway's arrival. It was January 20 at Taegu. The correspondents waited in a meeting room at Eighth Army Headquarters. When General MacArthur entered, all rose and MacArthur strode to the rostrum with General Whitney, his aide, adviser and close friend, at his heels. MacArthur stood and read his "No one is going to drive us into the sea" statement, while Whitney stood stiffly behind and to his left. Had Walker been there, he would, as in the past, have stood attentively to MacArthur's right and rear. But not so the new Eighth Army Commander, Ridgway, on this occasion. He seated himself comfortably in the front row before MacArthur and listened to the Supreme Commander read his penciled message. Ridgway was courteous and respectful, but perfectly natural as man-to-man and not in a state of awe. It is certain this indication of the "new order" was not lost upon MacArthur and least of all upon the correspondents.

After a rapid withdrawal of Eighth Army from North Korea to a line south of the Han, the army command was much concerned over effects on troops of the MacArthur public statements concerning our "heavy" casualties and the overwhelming Red Chinese strength. General Ridgway set out at once on a combat program to hold our casualties to a minimum, to increase losses of the enemy, and to deflate the Chinese military reputation. He was successful not only in accomplishing his aim but in persuading his troops that the accomplishment was theirs, as, in fact, it was. Ridgway, as was Britain's Field Marshal Montgomery with another famous Eighth Army on Egypt's Western Desert during World War II, was skilled enough to profit fully at low tide from more equipment, tremendous reinforcement (X Corps), and possession of the confidence and full support of Washington's highest military and governmental places.

Ridgway was able to compete with MacArthur in the hazardous field of the public propaganda statement. In fact, there

were war correspondents who declared that Ridgway, as a showman of charm, vigor, intelligence, and color (recall the grenade always taped to his chest strap), had outgunned MacArthur with the latter's own weapons. Perhaps that should not be surprising, since Ridgway's military career rivals MacArthur's in variety of assignment, command and combat experience, and diplomatic and political overtones. (He has not yet been, as was MacArthur, chief-of-staff, but certainly he must be considered as likely to achieve that high post.) Ridgway was able in Korea to make public statements not dissimilar to those for which MacArthur was adversely criticized by Washington. There was allusion to this in the Senate hearing on MacArthur, when Senator William Knowland of California entered in the record the following published *New York Times* story datelined in Korea May 4: "Lieut. Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway urged the Chinese Communist and North Korean troops today to give up their fruitless attempt to drive the United Nations forces out of Korea and realize they were being led to mass slaughter by 'empty Communist promises.' From their most recent offensive they suffered tremendous losses, he said, and he promised that any other major enemy assault would be paid for with the same 'bloody price they had been paying.' . . . The General's suggestion that the enemy troops revolt against their Communist leaders was contained in a statement he made at a brief press conference after flying visits with Lieut. Gen. James A. Van Fleet to nearly every sector of the front."

Then Senator Knowland said to General MacArthur as the latter was before the committee: "I recall that not long ago as the then theater commander you made the statement to the Communist forces that were opposing you calling on them to surrender to sit down and discuss at least the cease-fire arrangement. My general understanding has been that that has been the customary practice of theater commanders for ages past, and I frankly as a layman could not see a great deal of difference between the statement that your very able successor made

and the one that you made a short time ago. Would you care to comment?"

"The two statements," General MacArthur emphatically replied, "in general purport seem to be just like two peas out of the same pod."

MacArthur's reply could be interpreted as indicating that, in so far as statements urging a cease-fire might be concerned, he felt he had been punished for following a course later followed by Ridgway with impunity.

It was at Suwon that MacArthur on March 7 made his now famous statement that only a stalemate could result in the Korean war unless he were permitted to attack the Reds in their Manchurian sanctuary. Eighth Army troops called this his "Die For Tie" speech, and its effect on their attitude toward the future was not inspirational. Ridgway talked thereafter to offset it. "MacArthur talks to the world," someone commented, "Ridgway to the battalions." And that largely was true. To the troops, MacArthur was one of those far-off "chancelleries of the world" to which he often and sonorously referred; Walker, Ridgway, and Van Fleet were "home folks."

Ridgway could be charming and suave or caustic and blunt; Van Fleet was friendly and easy of pace, except when angered. Ridgway was at home on the battlefield or in the drawing room; Van Fleet was the ungraceful warrior and, like Walker, sought the out-of-doors for recreation and social contact. Walker and Van Fleet both were avid hunters; Walker had ranged the Gobi Desert, Van Fleet the African veldt.

Of all the top commanders in Korea, it is probable that Van Fleet became best-known and best-liked among the combat troops. He was straightforward and uncomplicated; he was no maker of phrases. His staff officers found him easy to work with and for, usually unruffled, slow to "pull rank," and never unreasonably demanding. He was a sound, substantial workman who knew his job; a soldier's soldier, a man's man. And he was his own man.

Van Fleet possessed a sense of humor which often appeared when he was most disturbed, as when once he protested vigorously that war correspondents, in their news stories, were exposing his order-of-battle to the enemy. The correspondents, as always, argued that the enemy knew all about Eighth Army's secrets, that the military only imagines it can or needs to guard secret information. "Why, then," asked Van Fleet, "don't you play it fair for both sides and furnish me with the enemy's order-of-battle?"

Van Fleet was offhand about many things toward which some military men maintain an attitude of studied seriousness. For instance, one of Van Fleet's aides carried along a small satchel containing medals when the General toured the battle-front. He used them the way a corporation executive uses bonuses. After 2nd Division stopped the Reds in the spring of 1951, Van Fleet pinned Distinguished Service Crosses on Generals Almond and Ruffner. Anyone who knows Van Fleet might imagine him slyly grinning at the following editorial reaction in the *Baltimore Sun*: "It was a gracious gesture, yet it may be embarrassing to the generals. When men of lesser rank sweated it out, it comes a bit hard to learn that the superior, closer to the man who gives out decoration than to the enemy, is getting the glory. . . . The late General Walker accepted the DSC only as recognition of the gallantry of his men. . . ."

It is certain that a man of Van Fleet's candor would entertain no illusion about the medal business, a sore spot in American military service since World War II. It is pretty safe to say that not five out of one hundred medals awarded U.S. soldiers of the rank of colonel or above have any meaning other than that the man did the job he was trained by the government and paid to do. In addition, he had probably reached that point in his career when recognition via such award was due, according to what has become American military custom. It's as simple as that, and need not be taken too seriously.

All the generals in Korea had one problem in common which they never solved. It was embodied in the question, "What was the war aim?"

At Van Fleet's first press conference on April 22, 1951, he was asked by a correspondent: "General, what is our goal?"

"I don't know," Van Fleet said, "the answer must come from higher authority."

"How may we know, General, when and if we achieve victory?"

"I don't know," Van Fleet replied, "except that somebody higher up will have to tell us."

And it was true. Van Fleet didn't know, and neither did any other general from MacArthur down, a point, by the way, which MacArthur stressed in his controversy with the Administration.

One may, it is believed, search the record of history in vain for a comparable situation, in which a general commanding a great army in the field and locked in battle with the enemy is unable—truly unable—to define his war aim, set forth his goal, or describe what he must accomplish in order to achieve victory. At least we may thank the Reds for that fantastic *divertissement*.

As to the press, all generals of all nations of all times have had attitudes toward the problem it poses. Some generals fear the press, some hate it, some respect it and some do not, some use it for their own ends, and some co-operate with it sincerely in the belief that the home folks are entitled to know what is going on. Still others are suckers for self-publicity—"Headline Harrys," the correspondents call them.

But all generals temper their feelings toward the press, whatever they may be, because they recognize the tremendous effect the press may, and usually does, have upon their military careers. When a correspondent goes wrong—breaks the rules, violates security, or otherwise makes himself objectionable—the general may pound his desk, curse loudly and voice many

threats to his aides, but he seldom will act punitively against the pressmen. He frankly fears retaliation, be he right or wrong.

And generals are ever so politic in their relations with the gentlemen of the press. Sometimes in Korea it was funny.

One day, for example, General MacArthur was leaving a press conference at Taegu. He spied Peter Kalischer, a United Press Tokyo correspondent. "Hello there," he said heartily, pumping the UP man's arm, "how are you, and when is that brother of yours due to arrive?" The reporter mumbled as the General moved on.

"What was that about your brother?" someone asked Kalischer.

"Damned if I know," he said, "I haven't got a brother."

The sole top American general who has earned the right to wear the Combat Infantryman's Badge, virtually the only "decoration" which has retained the meaning it was intended to have, is Van Fleet. It is fitting then that he alone publicly evinced an understanding of the military crisis Walker had surmounted. On the first anniversary of the outbreak of the war in Korea Van Fleet issued a statement in which he mentioned MacArthur not at all, paid brief tribute to Ridgway, and, in discussing the early campaigns, said: "The first valiant American force performed a precious time-saving mission that enabled General Walton H. Walker to shape the framework of the new powerful Eighth Army. The full development of the United Nations Army, however, was not a miracle wrought overnight. Vastly outnumbered, General Walker's Army, in the early phase of the campaign, was forced to withdraw to the Naktong River and establish a defense capable of absorbing further blows of the Communist offensive. The minimum possible casualties sustained by the UN forces in this maneuver is in itself a great tribute to the leadership of General Walker, who was faced with a situation that temporarily had the characteristics of a desperate undertaking. But General Walker in

this critical hour rallied his forces, absorbed the Communist blow, and bounced back to carry the Eighth Army and allied UN units to the northern frontier of Korea. The first phase of the Korean conflict terminated with a smashing victory for the United Nations troops." Van Fleet recounted the entry of the Chinese into the war, and went on: "Again, with sheer numerical superiority, the combined Communist troops forced a United Nations withdrawal to a position south of the Han River. And again, although our Allied forces were pressed back, our casualties were not what the enemy had hoped for. This United Nations strategic withdrawal will go down in military history as a most brilliant maneuver in one of the most difficult situations ever endured."

That was a ground fighter's estimate of the war's highest-ranking casualty.

Often it has been asked if the generals on the job in Korea had any information in advance concerning the peace effort, launched in public by Russia, and which brought on the conferences of the summer of 1951. No one openly has admitted a thing, but a possible significant statement was made on June 17 at Seoul. This was a full week before Jacob Malik, Russian chief delegate to the United Nations, made his now famous address over United Nations Radio in which he said he believed a cease-fire could be arranged in Korea.

On that June 17 in Seoul General Van Fleet, with Eighth Army on a line about twenty miles north of the 38th Parallel following a successful offensive, said in strict confidence to war correspondents:

"You are now wondering why we have halted our attack and what the next move is. At this time I am not at liberty to explain this to you and must ask you to bear with me."

Did the General know something? The correspondents believed he did.

Be that as it may, during the following half-year, "Big Jim,"

as Van Fleet was known affectionately by his troops,* acquired certainly the most diversified and probably the largest field command ever in history actually directly under control of one man. Eighth Army grew until it contained more than one-half million men, all of them Americans and South Koreans except for about thirty thousand from other United Nations. Other commanders at times in the past have been responsible for over-all tactics of organizations containing more men (for example, General Bradley's 12th Army Group in World War II), but Eighth Army in all its operations and down to the lowest echelon was responsible directly only to Van Fleet.

And the mission given Eighth Army was something no World War field army ever dreamed was possible. World War armies fought, and nothing more, after supplies were brought to them. Eighth Army fought likewise continuously, but while fighting it also:

- Trained and outfitted a ROK Army
- Trained and outfitted other UN forces
- Operated its own logistical (supply and services) command
- Provided food, clothing, and medical relief for millions of refugee Koreans
- Aided in the physical rehabilitation of South Korea
- Supplied military advisory personnel to the ROK Army
- Established a military school system for ROK Army
- Supported the Air Force logistically
- Supported the Marines logistically
- Rehabilitated the Korean rail system and operated much of it

* To his staff officers he was "Scotch 6," a play on Scotch, the telephone code call for EUSAK, and the fact that the commanding general's phone number always ended with the digit six. After Ridgway graduated from Eighth Army Commander to Supreme Far East Commander he was known as "Celestial 6."

Extended and improved the Korean highways system

Transported all of its own supplies, ammunition, and personnel replacements to the battle-front, mostly from the port of Pusan, three hundred miles to the south

Supplied technical advisers and aid to the several ministries of the ROK government

Aided in rehabilitation of Korean agriculture, fisheries, manufacturing and mining, with supplies, equipment, transport, advisory services, and financial bolstering.

And all the while, pushing against Eighth Army's forward bastions of men and guns was an enemy close to double in numerical strength to Van Fleet's multi-dutied, versatile force. Regardless of history's ultimate judgment of the Korean affair, the performance of Eighth Army is bound to go into the records as one of the most remarkably dexterous of all time.

Of such and much more was General Ridgway thinking when he paid tribute to the "unsurpassed standards . . . in professional competence, fidelity, loyalty, courage and spiritual stamina" of the men of EUSAK, and went on to say:

"It was this command, with these qualities, which challenged, met and hurled back the most vicious forces which have yet threatened mankind in its age-old struggle to gain and preserve the dignity and freedom of the individual. I believe it quite possible that because of this action history may someday record that the crest of the Communist wave of cold-blooded aggression was broken against the arms and the will to fight of the United Nations battle team in Korea; and that this menacing flood, reaching its high water mark on the Korean front, thereafter began its recession in Asia."

UNITED NATIONS

ONE DAY IN THE FALL OF 1950 at Washington, General George Marshall, master of logistics, wrote a memorandum to the Secretaries of Army, Navy, and Air Force which established Eighth Army's utilitarian United Nations role. The memorandum, an order in effect, had been approved by President Truman and was issued by Marshall as Secretary of Defense.

The General told the three Secretaries that offers of military aid in Korea from other United Nations members would be considered and that, if such offers were accepted by the United States (as the UN's military agent), arrangements would be made to furnish other national military units with such equipment, supplies, and services as they might require and request. Agreements for reimbursement of the United States were to be negotiated, and necessary funds initially were to come from regular Congressional appropriations to the U.S. military establishment.

The result was that in due time Eighth Army found itself speaking thirteen languages, not to mention their dialects and derivatives, and catering to the dietary likes and dislikes and

adjusting itself to the customs and traditions of half the world.

Thailand was the first to reach an agreement with the United States for support of troops sent to Korea. Thailand sent an infantry battalion (called the 22nd Regiment) of a few more than one thousand men, and they needed everything—clothing, vehicles, weapons, ammunition, and all else. In November, 1950, U.S. Department of the Army drew up an agreement with Thailand which provided for supplies and supporting services; set forth how the Thais were to repay the United States; included Thailand's pledge that her troops would act, without reservation, under orders from the United Nations (U.S.) military commanders; and that Thailand would file no claims against the U.S. incident to the war or ancillary events, nor would U.S.A. against Thailand. Agreements which followed with other nations basically were similar, but no two were wholly alike.

Once agreement had been reached, U.S. Army clothing for the Thailand troops was airlifted to Bangkok, for Thailanders living south of Cancer have no need at home for other than tropical wear.

The initial charge against Thailand for outfitting and equipping its troops was \$642,755.47, a fraction of the cost of artillery ammunition fired against the Reds by American divisions in Korea on any one of many, many days or nights. Some of the major items were \$220,000 for quartermaster supplies (clothing, tentage), \$32,000 for transportation and cargo handling, \$292,000 for ordnance equipment (vehicles, guns, artillery, ammunition), \$30,000 for engineer equipment, \$18,000 for chemical supply (phosphorus shells, for instance), and \$31,000 for Signal (communications) supplies and equipment.

The agreement with Thailand was in effect by Christmas of 1950, one with Canada soon afterward, and others followed. (Canada and other British Commonwealth units, all of which were united as a Commonwealth Division in the summer of 1951, did not require as much American equipment and supply

as did most of the remaining United Nations elements other than U.S. However, the deal with Thailand was typical enough to exemplify all.)

Thailand agreed, following the initial charge, to pay a "monthly maintenance charge" of \$526,000.04. This, theoretically at least, defrayed the cost to U.S. Eighth Army of replacement of equipment, ammunition, supply, POL (petroleum, oil, lubricants), inland transport in Korea (rail and truck), and packing and handling. (There were additional charges for major items of replacement, but, unlike others, the Thailanders bought no tanks or artillery.)

It all worked out at about \$14.70 per man per day for Thailand and most Allied units (for Canada, however, it came to \$16.50 per man per day, not including the cost of twenty tanks the Canadians acquired from American stocks). Four months after the Korean war began Eighth Army recommended that all such charges be based on a man-per-day rate, but this proposal was not accepted by Department of the Army.

The upshot was that by the time the cease-fire parleys got under way, harassed EUSAK accountant officers had processed about 25,000 transfer documents (invoices, receipts, shipping tickets), each one recording delivery of from one to 250 items and covering everything from big guns to nurses' panties, for the Scandinavian medical units included female nurses.

Obviously, the biggest United Nations supply job faced by EUSAK, other than for its own U.S. elements, was furnished by the Republic of Korea forces, about 300,000 men in army, marines, national police, militia, and national guard (before the latter ended in a ghastly and lethal Korean governmental scandal). The Koreans cared for themselves so far as possible from their own resources (mainly rice) and persevered bravely, but Eighth Army was far and away the principal source of sustenance for their military.

Other than ROK and American, Eighth Army wholly or partially outfitted and supplied about 28,000 more military

personnel—medical units from Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and India, and fighting forces of Australia, Belgium, Canada, Columbia, Ethiopia, France, Greece, Luxembourg, Netherlands, New Zealand, Philippines, Puerto Rico (its troops were a unit of the United States Army), Thailand, Turkey, and United Kingdom. They ranged in size from the Norwegian mobile surgical hospital with 79 personnel to the two British Brigades containing about 10,000 men.

All of them requisitioned EUSAK for portions of their food, supplies, equipment, transportation, and maintenance, and some of them looked always to EUSAK for everything. With the numerous idiosyncrasies, peculiarities, and even eccentricities of eighteen nationalities to be dealt with, this meant that Eighth Army performed probably the most delicate and complex task of military housekeeping in all history.

The hurdles were somewhat lowered by persuading as many of the UN units as possible to organize along U.S. lines and use U.S. accounting and recording methods. Most of the “foreign” units, immediately after their arrival in Korea, were put through the United Nations Reception Center, which was operated by—of course—EUSAK. There they were outfitted, taught to use U.S. equipment, and given battle-preparation training. For instance, most of the Thailanders had never driven a motor vehicle or used modern mess equipment.

Like all housekeepers, EUSAK was not always able to keep its big UN family happy and placid. For example, the Filipino contingent complained of difficulties after its arrival in Korea—mail service was unsatisfactory, food was not so palatable as anticipated, and, besides all that, it was much too cold for them. Later the Philippine government sent a Senator to investigate the complaints and, as a result, the Filipino battalion combat team was given a new commanding officer and staff, and went on in the campaign to fight very well.

Dollars-and-cents considerations bobbed up on the battle-front once when a U.S. division commander, to whose outfit

both units were attached, ordered Filipino artillery to lay down interdiction fire in support of the Turks, which the Filipinos did very effectively during a fiery night. But next day the island commander protested to the American major-general at being forced to expend ammunition, for which the Philippine government had agreed to pay, in aid of another nationality. What the crusty U.S. divisional boss retorted about "joint effort" was not recorded, which is just as well, but there were no more similar incidents.

Shoe supply involved EUSAK in a domestic problem never satisfactorily solved. Because of their relatively small physiques, Koreans, Thailanders, and Filipinos required smaller sizes in shoes and clothing than the American Army ever found it necessary to stock in quantity. Clothing could be and was altered, but shoe supply was much less elastic. Many of the Orientals required size 5½, which, as is well known, the Occidental male seldom is able to wear. Ordinarily, too, the American last was unsuitable, since the feet of Orientals usually are short and broad, a shape induced in many cases by years of going barefoot.

When Rest and Recuperation (R & R) was started by EUSAK for all men after a certain length of stay in Korea, a problem arose. Members of some United Nations units were paid so little by their home governments that it might take a month or more of their pay to provide one day of R & R, which, by the way, amounted to five days' leave in Japan plus travel time. So EUSAK furnished them transportation and paid for their lodgings and food in Japan.

As might be expected, there was great variance of attitude in the EUSAK family toward malt, grape, and grain beverages. Eighth Army sold its men no hard liquor whatever and comparatively little beer.

The British, as always and everywhere, kept themselves well supplied with hard liquor and beer, as did most of the Commonwealth troops. The Greeks favored cognac. The French imported wine by the shipload for themselves.

Korean whiskey and brandy were on sale in all towns, but most of it was bad and some of it, from unscrupulous makers, was deadly. Several score careless UN troopers were killed by it.

Among the Ethiopians was a social cleavage which caused wide comment. It seemed that in Haile Selassie's kingdom there were three armies in the armed forces—the King's Army, the Crown Prince's Army, and the Reserves. All were represented in the force sent to Korea and, socially, they mingled little. What made the situation even more strange in Western eyes was the fact that while the commander and his staff were from the King's Army, the bulk of the Ethiopian soldiery were of the Crown Prince's Army, with a sprinkling of Reserves.

In Ethiopia the King's Army is trained by a British military mission, the Crown Prince's Army by a Swedish military mission. With the Ethiopians were four Swedes of that country's mission, serving as majors in the Ethiopian Army for duty in Korea. It was said the Swedes had two-month contracts with the Ethiopians, complete with options to renew if mutually desirable.

Catering to its allies in the field of food was a EUSAK headache, albeit one that was interesting. To the amazement of the Yanks, both the French and the Netherlands liked our dehydrated potatoes and required a weekly supply. The French baked their own bread because they believed they got better bread that way, and who would gainsay them? The Greeks demanded olive oil for cooking, and got it, but would eat no corn. These same Greeks, at Eastertide, religiously slaughtered, roasted, and ate fifteen lambs. EUSAK, to please its ally, delivered the lambs alive (as required) from Japan, by airlift, complete with a supply of hay and a shepherd. The shepherd be it noted, was a major in the U.S. Army Veterinary Corps. The lambs had to be not only succulent but also virgin, which meant not necessarily maiden but most certainly unshorn. Also, for that Easter festival, EUSAK, the purveyor that never failed, produced many dozens of eggs and many bottles of

vermilion egg dye for the devout but merrymaking Hellenes.

The medics from India would touch no beef; the Filipinos demanded and received, in addition to regular EUSAK rations, an additional 1.2 pounds of rice per man per day; and the Thailanders were furnished, similarly, .66 of a pound of rice per man per day, which had to be rice from Thailand. The Thailanders used three times the normal amount of spices and condiments, but would not touch beets, cake mix, dry cereals, citrus fruit, or sweet pickles.

The Turks would touch no pork, juices, sweet pickles, lima beans, corn, or spices and condiments, except salt and pepper. But, in addition to the regular bread ration, they asked for, received, and consumed two extra pounds (about one loaf) per man per day! Also, they delighted in American canned spinach.

The remainder of the polyglot force was satisfied by British or U.S. rations, or both.

Woven into EUSAK's comradely cape of domesticity was many a bizarre incident. Like, for example, that winter occasion on which the quartermaster of an Allied unit presented himself to Eighth Army's officer of supply and said:

"If you please, we would—how you say, keel maybe?—our orders for heated spices."

"No more hot spices? How come, my friend?"

"It is too cold for hot spices."

"Eh?"

"It is too cold for heated washing."

The American betrayed bewilderment at this point, which caused his ally to grin and explain:

"You see, comrade, what you call hot spices induce in our men urgings that are amorous. To this we do not object—never—but in this Korea it is a thing of no profit."

"Well?"

"Well, our men—they are not fools—they resort to dreams, lovely dreams of incense and fair ladies and soft couches."

"And?"

“And those pleasant dreams, they have—how you say?—results that are of the biology. And our religion, it require then at once an arising and a using of the soap and the hot water.”

“So?”

“So, the rising from the sleeper-bag is not popular and the use of the hot water on the nakedness is not pleasant in this cold weather, especially when there is no hot water.”

So EUSAK canceled the order for hot spices.

Never drown your own pups

MAJOR AND SERGEANT sat in the seeping, sagging tent because it offered shelter. Sometimes when it rains in Korea, when it thoroughly rains as it can in Korea, all living things of sense take shelter. Those that don't, Koreans warn, are seen no more.

Major and Sergeant sat in slickers on folding chairs at a wet field table and watched the wind-driven water beat through the single canvas, watched liquid mud creep over the tent's earth floor. Of course, the tent was ditched at its outer edge, but no ditch ever dug in Korea could drain away the yield of a four-alarm cloudburst.

The Major was interested in the rousing storm and in the absorbing business of keeping alight damp tobacco in his wheezing pipe. But the Sergeant was not. He sat hunched over, rocking to and fro slowly in his slicker, his big, jutting jaw now and then shifting reflectively. On occasion he darted a glance through the misty air at the Major and seemed about to speak. Finally, he did.

"I don't feel so good, Major. Fact is, I feel right bad. I'd like t' talk, if you'll listen."

The Major said he would.

"Way down deep I don't feel good, but I get no other answer no matter how many ways from here I look at it."

"At what?" the officer asked.

"Major," the big man asked as he slapped down a ponderous hand and made the sodden table bounce, "will y' let me talk a little?"

"Sure."

"I think I need to talk."

"Go ahead," the Major said, and he put down his faltering pipe, for it was plain the Sergeant had something to say.

First, he began, let me confess. I'm a paratrooper. Usually, I'm proud of it. But not right now. Just now, I got no right to be.

Infantry guys say you have to be screwy to be a paratrooper. They're wrong. You have to be crazy.

I've made a lot of jumps, mostly practice, and every time I landed in trouble. Mostly, they were little troubles like a sprained finger or a stone-bruised rump. Those were planned jumps.

Once I jumped because the plane got the flutters and we had to. I landed in a family's back yard. They had eleven kids and I wound up married to the next to the oldest girl. That's why the war didn't worry me when it came. I figured I'd made my bad jumps and nothing worse could happen than had.

But I was awful wrong. I jumped over here the other day and I jumped into hell and it's gonna stay with me. Just now, Major, as I talk to you, I realize it's gonna stay with me.

The Sergeant lowered his head and swallowed hard. The officer felt his face stiffening as his grin pulled away.

They trained us a lot at home and in Japan and over here, the Sergeant went on. We put on our gear and took it off, we boarded planes and got off again; we boarded planes and flew and jumped and flew and jumped and gathered up our gear and loaded again. We learned to get organized and ready to fight as

soon as we hit the ground, and we were taught to kill or be killed and be quick about it. Then we started practice flights all set to land somewhere and we didn't.

That foolishness kept up all summer and fall until one morning we loaded and took off and everybody knew this was it, which it was. We were dumped a few miles down the highway from here and right away I was in trouble again.

The lootenant hit a stone heap instead of the ground when he landed and hasn't been right since. That left me platoon leader but good, because we found ourselves somehow separated from the battalion. When things got sorted out, me and twenty-one other guys was in a harvest-dry paddy two acres big and surrounded by them blasted dikes and a road grade.

Right away we got into a fire fight with some Chinks in the next paddy and darned if about the middle of the afternoon they didn't up and surrender. They threw down their guns and put up their hands and there we were. I figured one field was enough for us to handle, so we herded the twenty-three Reds into ours, put 'em in one corner, and I detailed a guy to sit half-way up the bank and keep a burper on 'em.

Well, as you know, Major, the tanks took off the same morning we jumped, but it was five days before they got to us because of fireblocks and awful efficient mine fields.

The days and nights passed, and it rained and got muddy, and the wind got colder and colder, and our rations ran low and we were drinkin' from a filthy ditch. All the time my men were droopin' more 'n more from lack of sleep because we had to keep an eye peeled at all hours all along the top of the banks of that paddy. There were Reds all around us and for all we knew they stretched forever in all directions. The fly boys tried to resupply us once, but their aim was so bad they would have missed if we'd been squattin' in the middle of Central Park.

Along in the third day I got to lookin' at those prisoners we had. They naturally were usin' up some of our rations and we had to guard 'em all the time, with three guys on 'em at night.

O' course durin' the day they could sleep, and they did. This let 'em be fresh and alert at night.

And that was bad because the gibble-gabble among 'em made it pretty plain they had decided they had made a mistake in surrendering because it was us and not them who was surrounded, which was true. It reached the point where everybody was gettin' weaker, but us guys was gettin' sleepier than they was.

I could see they was watchin' us awful close and doin' some plannin' among themselves. It wasn't hard to figure what they was thinkin', which was that the only difference between the two crowds was the guns which we had. Naturally, they figured if we got sleepy and sloppy enough, they could rush us and get our arms and that would be that, which it would.

By the fourth day it was plain that somethin' was about to happen and that most likely it was goin' to happen to us because we were really gettin' bushed. So I got to lookin' at those Chineese boys real speculatin' like.

We had about reached the point where we couldn't guard 'em any longer and we sure couldn't afford not to.

We couldn't feed 'em any longer and eat ourselves, and so far as we knew then, we were cooped up there from now on.

We couldn't turn 'em loose because they'd tell other Chinamen in the neighborhood about our picture and come back and try to give us a treatment.

That left me a choice to look at which wasn't pleasant, but I had to look at it, and pretty soon those Chinks somehow knew what was going on in my mind and I knew they knew. They got that look and air about them which I'd last seen when I was a barefooted kid back in Arkansas years ago and my ma had told me to drown some extra pups. Those pups sure did know what I was about to do. With every move of their little bodies, wiggle of their tails, and roll of their big brown eyes they begged me not to. But I did, and it was big trouble for me then, an awful worrisome thing for a long time.

Now here it was again. Only there was a difference because while those Chinese boys got solemn and scared and pitiful, they weren't helpless. I sat off a ways awhile and looked at 'em and I could see they had toted up the score and got the right answer. It was just as though they could read my miserable thoughts, which they could and I knew it.

But their brown faces weren't exactly blanks, and I could see that it had to be then, before dark that day, because they knew they would be suckers to let another night pass and take any further chance on me. That made all of us in total disagreement, but right as the rain that was fallin' again about the general picture.

Well, Major, that's just about all there is to the story, except that I made sure that none of this coop de grace business was needed. Out of the blue, I swung round a machine gun and turned 'er loose and there wasn't any unnecessary sufferin' and only a yelp or so 'cause I just about cut 'em in two.

Anyhow, that's my trouble and it's gonna stay with me for a long, long time—hell, it's gonna stay with me from now on in. But it's done me good to have y' listen, Major. Y' see, it just had to be them or my boys 'n me, didn't it, sir? Anyhow, it looked that way to me, so I said I was sorry and shot 'em.

The pressure of the rain had lessened, the wind worrying the tent had weakened, the sound of rushing water had faded some, and cloud-filtered sunlight was imparting a pallor to the gray day framed by the tent opening through which the Major fixedly peered. The Sergeant waited expectantly, but as no word came from his companion, he sighed heavily and said:

"I guess I shouldn't've done it, but . . ."

"You could have done nothing else," the Major cut in sharply, almost angrily. "But you made one mistake, pal. You waited too long. You got to watching those guys, you got to know them; pretty soon you even began to like them a little. That was when you discovered they were just other little fellows like you in a

bad jam. That's what made it tough, and that's what bothers you now."

"It seemed like it had to be."

"Sure, Sergeant, sure it had to be. Life's that way when death's around. The point to remember is to avoid those big brown eyes. A man should never drown his own pups."

THE PRESS

EIGHTH ARMY on several occasions would have been routed and defeated had published forecasts emanating from its corps of war correspondents turned out to be accurate. As a group, they were subject to the extreme of pessimism.

Fortunately, they proved themselves to be almost wholly wrong in their efforts to predict future events.

Following the great retreat from North Korea after the Chinese crossed the Yalu, most of the so-called "first team" of correspondents took off for home, some to cash in on lecture tours and magazine articles, others to receive a variety of awards for "distinguished reporting," and a few to mislead thoroughly their readers as to what was coming in Korea.

The gist of the lament of several of the better-known American writers was that the Eighth would be driven out of Korea within six weeks. Many others forecast similarly, including representatives of some of the great dailies of England.

Much of this was due to the newsman's axiom that disaster is the biggest news of all; some was due to indifferent cynicism; some to morbid hatred of MacArthur and all his works; some to

sincere but erroneous estimate of the military situation. But all of it appeared as a distinct disservice to the fighting army, to the peoples at home, and to the Free Nations. Couple it with the record of violations of military security by the press corps in Korea prior to institution of censorship by Eighth Army and the result is a sorry picture, even though obscured by journalism's "iron curtain" that almost always conceals its own errors and derelictions.

True, there was some good reporting and a lesser amount of acceptable interpreting. But a press corps, like any army, must balance its books on the credit side to be rated a success, and, in this book, the corps that followed Eighth Army went into the red—figuratively, not ideologically, speaking.

Most of the time, roughly three hundred correspondents were accredited to Eighth Army by Tokyo General Headquarters, Far East Command. Usually, from sixty to one hundred actually were in Korea, about half with corps and divisions, the remainder at the press billets news center, Eighth Army Headquarters. They were a mixed crew of able, hard-working professionals, uncertain beginners, inept amateurs, dilettantes, with a small quota of plain (and fancy) fakers. The editors of some must have been blind or uniquely indifferent.

They were transported by Army, Air Force, and Navy tens of thousands of miles without charge, they were fed for forty cents per meal, they were sold clothing at cost, millions of words were transmitted for them over Army communication systems from all parts of Korea and on to Tokyo, at no charge.* Yet they

* Based on Japanese telephone, radio, and cable rates under occupation schedules, the press received without charge from Eighth Army a unique governmental subsidy in the form of communication services worth, conservatively, more than Yen 36,000,000 (\$100,000) per month. Had similar service been provided by American commercial communications companies, the cost would have been several times as much and the bill, of necessity, would have been paid. Land lines and radio circuits involved were all those from all combat corps and divisions and virtually all other points in Korea to Eighth Army Headquarters, and thence to Tokyo, a distance of more than one thousand miles.

complained continuously of facilities, they repeatedly lost or abandoned equipment furnished them, they begged, borrowed, and stole everything from socks to jeeps.

The army accords accredited correspondents the privileges of field grade officers (that is, the rank of major, or higher) and asks them to assume certain of the responsibilities of officers. Many of the newsmen in Korea demanded more privileges, and assumed no responsibility whatever. This was not true of all, but of too many. There was scarcely a military rule that they did not violate.

Does this seem sensational? Does it appear to stress error, shortcomings, human frailty? It does. *It is meant to do so. It is written in direct imitation of the manner in which many of the correspondents "covered" the Korean war*, a result of their apparent belief that the reader primarily wants to learn of mistakes, defeat, tragedy, incompetence; that he must either be given a hero before whom he can grovel or a goat to which he can tie a can; that he wants something of greater "significance" than the unadorned news; i.e., the correspondent's peculiarly personal and often perverted version of the news.

The army, as they were often told by the Eighth's commanding general, likes to accept correspondents attached to it as "members of the team." Sometimes it was hard to do. For some were distinctly fair-weather friends. They were far more interested in their personal careers and incomes than the army's welfare. Isn't that natural, one might ask? It may be, but it is not good enough. Not when an army is fighting for its existence and for that of the world of free men. This is not to contend that only what is rosy should be reported. But all should be in proportion and proper juxtaposition. As sports writers, some war correspondents presumably would dwell on an error by the losing team's batboy rather than on the game's result.

The few veteran correspondents of World War II often were struck with wonder at the representation of their profession in Korea. Said one of solid worth and accomplishment: "Most of

these people couldn't compete on the City Hall beat of a small city at home. They aren't war correspondents; they are 'legmen' and 'stringers.'"

Intellectually, many of the Korean war's correspondents seemed lacking in:

1. Social consciousness.
2. Moral willingness to confess error or untruth.

Concerning the first point, the reporters seemed indifferent to the consequences of their dispatches. They appeared to pretend they operated in a vacuum, above criticism, shorn of responsibility, answerable to no one or nothing save the signers of their pay checks and expense vouchers. To sow doubt and fear among Americans as to the skill and honesty of army leaders, as to the effectiveness of the army itself, and as to the courage of its soldiers, was a commonplace, callous, and repetitious occupation of some correspondents. Such stories, even if based on limited truth, are not always justified and less often in the nation's interest. Such stories, based as they sometimes were on falsehood or deliberately misleading emphasis or omission, were dishonest and destructive.

On the second point—unwillingness to admit error and untruth: when a war correspondent in Korea failed to obtain information he desired, he was likely to pound on a desk or a jeep's hood and demand it in the name of the great American public, which he said he represented, and in the name of that holy of holies, freedom of the press, than which there is nothing more sacred to the correspondent on the make.

But when a mistake or untruth in correspondence was brought to his attention and retraction or correction was requested, then usually he became at once a lone and defenseless private citizen, representing no one and nothing, just a taxpayer, just a hapless civilian who had been slyly inoculated with the insidious serum of error by someone or something in this gigantic and conscienceless army.

Are war correspondents sometimes wrong in their reports?

Yes indeed. How can one prove this to be the case? Not necessary; let the correspondents do it themselves, as they did do over and over. Take a very homely incident: The South Korean government banned the playing of Japanese popular tunes in the interest of the national morale, the government spokesman said. Most popular of these songs was one called "Shina no yoru." The war correspondent for *Time* magazine wrote that "Shina no yoru" was a song "which describes the lights twinkling aboard the junks in a Chinese harbor." The New York *Times'* equally assiduous war correspondent word-painted the ditty as "a victory song about a Chinese girl in love with a soldier stationed at Shanghai with the conquering Japanese army."

But that incident was not important, you may say. Which is true. However, as an example of a type of reporting from wartime Korea, it was representative.

Let us move into the realm of "critically important" news. Hundreds of U.S. papers, on Sunday, January 14, 1951, published the following, written by a correspondent of a major news agency:

NEW YORK, Jan. 13—"American troops and their United Nations allies are heading toward a mass evacuation from the Korean cockpit of war. Overwhelming numbers of Chinese and North Korean Red troops are driving them into the southeast corner of the peninsula. And the bleak bloody story of Korea is approaching an end.

"These are the hard facts of a situation now clouded in censorship.

"Many military men in Korea and *most war correspondents* who have followed the army for the past five months look upon an evacuation as inevitable.

"It is surprising to one just returned from Korea to find a great debate in Washington over whether we should or should not stay in Korea. The Defense Department says no policy has been changed and that the army intends to stay. This debate

is academic. The only question is whether we can hang on, even if we want to. It is as tragically simple as that."

Imagine the situation when that was written and distributed to thousands of newspapers, radio stations and networks, through which it was read or heard by millions of Americans and others. Eighth Army was fighting to hold the Korean line and expected to do so, as it did; the people of the United States and their leaders were in the midst of The Great Debate, striving to reach a decision on which their hope of future freedom and life might well depend. Very little contained in the dispatch was factual, and the gloomy forecast of events was wholly wrong. True, it was an expression of opinion, but it was offered to the world public as opinion so weighted with authority, knowledge, experience, and responsibility as to be in itself newsworthy of front-page treatment (which, heaven help us, it received).

The correspondent who wrote that dispatch was a notable victim of the defeatism that permeated the press corps in Korea, but he was by no means alone. A sampling of the U.S. and British press would turn up many others.

What has gone before in this chapter is a pretty severe indictment of the press corps in Korea. Admittedly, the emphasis is heavy on the side of shortcomings, a treatment justified by ample precedent set by the newsmen themselves. As noted, however, there were good people.

Generally conceded by his press colleagues and the military to be best of the correspondents was Homer Bigart of the New York *Herald Tribune*. He was the hardest-working reporter and a splendid newswriter. After he had gone home and advocated the removal of General MacArthur as Korean commander, the General publicly branded him an inaccurate reporter. It was one of the General's most poorly advised statements.

Also of the *Herald Tribune* was Marguerite Higgins, far and away the most winsome of the correspondents. Maggie

Higgins wrote well. But she and the very few other women writers distinctly were out of place in a battle zone conditioned to the convenience and violence of the male. Open-air urinals of the funnel-on-a-pipe variety, uncovered latrine boxes, and communal sleeping and bathing facilities of an embattled army in the field were not designed to accommodate, without special and particular preparation, the aggressively infiltrating female. Miss Higgins, her talents notwithstanding, was inevitably a nuisance. The blunt General Walker knew it, and sent her posthaste back to the refinements of Japan. General MacArthur knew it too, but gallantly sent her back to Korea.

Top writer of atmospheric prose was Frank Conniff, gray-haired, high-principled International News Service columnist. Outstanding in the topical field was witty, dead-panned Doc Quigg, United Press columnist. A fine war veteran-reporter was the New York *Times*' Dick Johnson.

Either for reportorial enterprise, writing ability, or both, the following were worthy workers in the Korean vineyard (they are listed alphabetically, for impartiality's sake): Cyril Aynsley, London *Daily Express*; Ronald Bachelor, Reuters (British world-wide news agency); William Barnard, Associated Press; George Barrett, New York *Times*; Wade Bingham, Telenews; Gerald (Bill) Boss, Canadian Press; Cecil Brownlow, International News Service; William Burson, United Press; James Cannon, New York *Post*; Stan Carter, AP; William Chapman, UP; Philippe Daudy, French Press Agency; Leif Erickson, AP; Robert Eunson, AP; Raymond Falk, North American Newspaper Alliance; Lee Ferrero, INS; Sergeant Bill Fitzgerald, *Stars & Stripes*; George Guetta-Galleon, French Press Agency; Donald Huth, AP; Jack James, UP; John Jefferson, Columbia Broadcasting System; Peter Kalischer, UP; Philip King, Central News Agency of China; Amar Lahiri, India News Agencies; Tom Lambert, AP (and later *Time* magazine); Bernard Lohse, *Neue Illustrierte* of Germany; Jim Lucas of Scripps-Howard; Robert Martin, CBS and Overseas News Agency; Noel

Monks, London *Daily Mail*; Father Patrick O'Connor, National Catholic Welfare News Service; Rutherford Poats, UP; Nathan Polowetzky, AP; Christopher Rand, New York *Herald Tribune*; John Randolph, AP; Robert Schakne, INS; Morris Schumak, New York *Times*; Walter Simmons, Chicago *Tribune*; Alfred Smouler, Agence France Presse; Thomas Stone, AP; Eugene Symonds, UP; John Thompson, Chicago *Tribune*; Robert Vermillion, UP; and John Ward, Baltimore *Sun*. There were others, but the list is fairly representative.

Erickson and Bachelor wrote splendid war summaries and "think" pieces; Boss, with the Canadians, did the most intimate job of troop activities coverage; Burson and Randolph, youngsters, were most prolific and the latter, in particular, was developing into a fine descriptive reporter; Daudy, Cannon, Huth, Kalischer, and Poats were excellent news hawks; Ferrero, James, and Lambert, energetic men and smooth writers, represented the hard-boiled school; Lahiri was a fine interpretative writer; Rand and Thompson were highly polished performers; Martin was sound and substantial.

Best of the Korea bureau managers, who directed correspondents in the field, were Eunson and Erickson of AP (later appointed bureau managers at Tokyo and Honolulu), Bachelor of Reuters, and Poats of UP.

All news from Korea was fed to the world through the agency bureaus at Tokyo. To add to the intrusive confusion, much of it was rewritten there, often at the expense of accuracy and objectivity. From there came numbers of the "by-lines" familiar to Stateside news readers. Some of the owners of those by-lines either never visited Korea at all or went there only on one or two very brief flying junkets. Be it said that often the news was rewritten or "reorganized" in the agency bureaus at San Francisco or New York or both. The results achieved by this journalistic digestive apparatus not infrequently puzzled and amazed even the scribes in Korea who had gathered the assorted asserted news facts prior to their fermentation.

Observers always were struck by the lack of professional skill displayed by correspondents in Korea at press conferences. They seemed seldom adequately prepared and almost never put a question that resulted in revelation or helpful explanation. They asked for the brush-offs they got. Few of them aroused respect in their press conference victims. Many of the questions were puerile, irrelevant, impudent, exhibitionist, or blandly disregarding of the weight of responsibility often toted by the man expected to answer.

Something of a high point in asininity was attained by the correspondent who went among battle-weary GIs asking: "Soldier, what are you fighting for?"

He got a classic answer: "What the hell do you think? I'm fighting for my life!"

The correspondent thought it was a great story, and maybe it was. It also was the retort contemptuous.

Much is made of the journalistic "scoop" or "exclusive story." One of the recent notable such stories from the Far East raised a point at issue and troublesome for Mr. Acheson at the General MacArthur hearings before the Senate committees in May and June, 1951. Concerned was the State Department's memorandum of December, 1949, advising government personnel to prepare the public mind for the fall of Formosa to the Chinese Reds. Existence of the memorandum was revealed sensationally from Tokyo by an American news agency and hailed by same as a triumph of journalistic genius and enterprise. The story was charged to the agency's Tokyo bureau chief, and should have been. His office was in the Radio Tokyo building. So was the studio of the Tokyo station of Armed Forces Radio Service. The agency man obtained his "scoop" by visiting the radio station's office and reading one of the 456 confidential copies of the State Department memo, which were distributed world-wide to Americans of the diplomatic service and the military. Possibly he performed a public service, but that's how he did it. As result, two army officers

and at least two enlisted men of the radio station were transferred.

How were some of the big stories "made"? Here is an instance. As June of '51 came to Korea, Eighth Army, after halting and killing the Communist spring offensive, had fought its way back to a line barely north of the 38th Parallel. On June 2, Lieutenant General Van Fleet held a conference with the press at his headquarters. As was his candid practice, Van Fleet described to the pressmen the existing military situation. Then he had distributed a mimeographed statement in which he said: "The Eighth Army's pursuit phase has now ended with the clearing, again, of enemy units from South Korea—less those in the former border areas west of the Imjin River. The Eighth Army will continue, however, to stop the enemy's unwarranted aggression against South Korea, and will, when necessary and profitable, meet such threats within North Korea." Van Fleet said a good deal more, but the correspondents put the spotlight on those two sentences. It looks, they wrote sometimes directly and sometimes obliquely, as though Eighth Army will advance no more, will sit down and wait just north of the parallel where it now is for developments. Naturally, and especially after the rewrite men in Tokyo and the States and the radio commentators had got in their licks, this set off world-wide truce and peace rumors—even front-line troops in Korea were affected (and who, by the way, should have been more vitally interested?). Of course, the enemy may have been deceived, too, but so was everyone else. And it was entirely phony. It was entirely phony, and the correspondents knew it when they went far beyond the General's statement and indulged in such speculation. They knew it because at the same press conference the General told them (off the record, since, obviously, campaign plans could not be divulged to the world) that Eighth Army immediately would press on northward and attempt to drive the enemy from the vital Chorwon-Kumwha-Pyongyang "Iron Triangle,"

a mission which was accomplished during the following three weeks. The correspondents deliberately had thrown the world into an agitation of false hopes for war's end, though the General had confided in them that Eighth Army intended to fight on! They took full advantage of their knowledge that the General could not protect his army and at the same time set the public right by revealing the truth of his intentions. Next day, Van Fleet formally described the action of the correspondents as "strictly a journalistic plunge into a high-powered guessing game." You have, he told them, a right to speculate—but not on my behalf.

Most constructive accomplishment of the correspondents in Korea was an unintentional by-product. Each of the wire services hired Korean natives as "stringers" and used them particularly to cover doings of the Republic of Korea government. These Koreans early and easily acquired the American press "spirit of enterprise" and also the American disregard (and disrespect) for authority and for those who wield it. As a result, several nasty governmental scandals rightfully were exposed to public view, including the shocking disclosure that Korean military men and politicians had mulcted the country's National Guard of Won 2,000,000,000, which thievery had resulted in the deaths of tens of thousands of young men and the physical and mental decline of many times as many more.* The Korean reporters responsible probably will become, in future, the personnel core of a free Korean press that may contribute greatly to that nation's to-be-hoped-for development of a society sustained by personal liberty and governmental rectitude.

Did newspaper policy and Stateside politics affect the attitude of the war correspondents in Korea? In too many instances, indeed they did. Probably the most noted American "policy slant" publication is the giant and influential Chicago *Tribune*. Every correspondent for that paper must tailor his dispatches

* As a result, several Korean Army officers were sentenced to death.

to fit the opinions, complexes, and phobias of that remarkable publisher, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, who long has nursed a grudge against the army. Colonel McCormick, who fancies himself as an armchair military strategist, earned his "colonelcy" as an Illinois National Guardsman more than thirty years ago. The two poles of his military axis are Douglas MacArthur, whom he venerates, and George Marshall, who, in his editorial columns, he virtually has accused of treason in an effort to substantiate a published volume called *Pearl Harbor* from the pen of one of the Colonel's Tribune Tower editorial writers.

Up to a point, *Tribune* correspondence contained little but praise of the army in Korea, reserving its back hand for "Communist members of the press corps," the "defeatist British writers," and "State Department interference." The point of no return on this policy was reached, quite naturally, when Colonel McCormick's idol, General MacArthur, was removed from his Far East posts. Previously, MacArthur pronouncements on enemy casualties and strength stoutly had been upheld. But here is what the *Tribune's* correspondent wrote following the first United Nations offensive of which MacArthur was not overlord: "A week's tour of frontline areas failed to produce proof of Allied forces inflicting 'terrific casualties' on the Chinese Communist enemy. This expression was used earlier by Defense Secretary Marshall in Senate testimony when he was asked to define the Allied objective in Korea. He said continued heavy casualties might force Chinese to accept peace negotiations. Eighth Army field reports claimed over 70,000 casualties were inflicted on enemy as Allies retired before late April Chinese offensive. . . . It would seem realistic to halve this total. . . . As yet there is no indication manpower losses have slowed Chinese down."

Never had the *Tribune* questioned MacArthur estimates of enemy strength, losses, or troop quality. It was different in the eyes of the Colonel now that MacArthur was gone, and *Tribune* men all knew it without having been told.

When General Marshall visited Korea, the *Tribune* war reporter wrote of the secrecy (justified, by the way) attending his voyage, and commented, "No such secrecy was observed during more than a dozen visits to Korea by MacArthur." The dispatch pointedly remarked that "On the Central Front, an honor guard stood in formation for an hour and a half awaiting his arrival which was forty minutes behind schedule; a drizzling rain fell part of the time." The story ended with the spiteful remark: "So far as could be learned, he [Marshall] did not approach within twenty miles of the fighting front."

Of course, the *Tribune's* man, a darned good observer, knew very well it wasn't objective reporting. But he knew, too, that it was balm to the Colonel eight thousand miles from the fighting front.

It was the French who really covered all the news, even in a war zone. On May 13, as a Seoul reoccupied a second time by the Allies was struggling to revive, a correspondent for Agence France Presse filed the following to his homeland: "De plus symbole de renaissance de la cité dévastée une 'madame' accompagnée d'un personnel de 40 filles vient d'arriver pour rouvrir la première maison de rendez vous de Seoul assiégée." It was agreed this was a most significant act of confidence on the part of native Korea and a dependable sign that Seoul would be in Allied hands for some time to come, as proved to be the case, if not permanently. Incidentally, French war correspondence from Korea was more dispassionate and objective than either American or British.

This must be said on behalf of the war correspondents—much of their straying from the ethical path was inspired by constant pressure from the editors at home for the "fresh lead," the "exclusive," the "big story," the "eye-popper." A humorous example of this came when Bill Boss, of Canadian Press (Canada's AP), related that Canadian troops, lacking a beer shipment from home, purchased beer from Koreans and drank it in the native village where they were completing pre-combat

training. As an afterthought born of suspicion, the Canucks had their Korean brew analyzed and were startled to have the chemist pronounce it to be 40 per cent human urine. Boss' story of this dietary event exploded in Canada, where lack of beer for "the boys in Korea" already was a public issue, and the reverberations jarred even usually calm Ottawa. But Boss' Canadian Press boss was happy. He wired his Korean representative congratulations: "Your piss yarn sensational splash throughout Canada!" It was "big," it was "exclusive," and certainly it was an "eye-popper."

Finally, early in February, 1952, the army's well-muscled lack of confidence in a segment of its press corps seethed to the surface and made news.

None other than the Supreme Far Eastern Commander, General Matthew B. Ridgway, formally and officially and publicly accused "certain correspondents" of "fraternization and trafficking with the enemy." It was quite apparent that Ridgway, nearing the peak of an illustrious career but still humanly hoping for advancement, would not defy the undoubted power of the world press except in response to an overwhelming sense of outrage and duty. Not since the War Between the States had the press been challenged so forthrightly by an American military commander.

There were reasons.

To begin with, the tête-à-têtes between our pressmen and the Red operators who appeared as newsmen took place each day at Panmunjom for all to see. To military men the situation was distasteful and dangerous; to some correspondents it was a cause for professional shame. As Sergeant Bill Fitzgerald, chief correspondent in Korea for the Army's daily newspaper *Stars & Stripes*, asked, "With a UN correspondent's patch on your shoulder instead of an M-1, how neutral can you get?"

In fairness, it must be revealed that some correspondents, American and British, reported informally to military authorities their beliefs that information of value to the enemy was passing

from our side to the Reds by reason of the chumminess outside the cease-fire negotiators' tents. They pointed with suspicion at some of their colleagues. Some believed the improper traffic was inadvertent, some believed it deliberate.

At ten o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, February 6, at Eighth Army Headquarters a special briefing was given correspondents by Brigadier General G. C. Mudgett, General Van Fleet's assistant chief-of-staff for operations. The information he there revealed in strictest confidence as a guide to the writers was of such nature concerning the army's plans as to have been of tremendous value to the enemy, should it have reached him.

The following morning, Thursday, February 7, there was another session at Panmunjom at which UN and Communist correspondents mingled.

What if anything developed on that occasion to cause the Supreme Commander to take action was not clear, but at four o'clock that same afternoon Ridgway's office issued the following "Memorandum to Correspondents":

"It has come to the attention of General Headquarters, UNC, that the provisions made by the United Nations Command which permit fullest possible news coverage of the Military Armistice Negotiations are being abused by certain UNC correspondents for the purpose of fraternization and trafficking with the enemy. Such practices could have serious adverse effects on the conduct of the current negotiations and might well imperil the security of UNC forces. Military personnel are strictly prohibited from such practices.

"The UNC has viewed with growing apprehension the practices of certain UNC correspondents of excessive social consorting including drinking of alcoholic beverages with Communist 'journalists'—this as differentiated from required professional contacts. Unguarded conversations during such unnecessary social sessions might well jeopardize the security of military forces. It is a basic policy to afford all UNC corre-

spondents complete access to and freedom of movement through UNC positions and installations. Any portion of such a wealth of military knowledge, were it to be divulged inadvertently to the enemy, could endanger the lives of many of our men.

"Certain UNC correspondents have entered into surreptitious and personal arrangements with the enemy to deliver modern camera equipment into the POW camps where our soldiers are being held, to receive photographs taken in Communist prison camps and to receive recordings for radio broadcast of UNC prisoner-of-war interviews made in Communist prison camps.

"General Headquarters is well aware and appreciative of the fact that many correspondents accredited to the UNC view with deep concern the problems of ethics and public responsibility involved in these dealings and contacts with the enemy. Their views are fully shared by this Headquarters.

"It has therefore become necessary to request all UNC correspondents entering the Panmunjom neutral area for the purpose of covering the Armistice talks to conduct themselves in such a manner so as to avoid any suggestion that military security is being placed in possible jeopardy or that traffic is being held with the enemy.

"This request is intended in no way to restrict the greatest possible latitude which has been given to UNC correspondents so long as their actions or conduct are not detrimental or hazardous to the UNC or to the success of the current Armistice Negotiations.

"Neither is this request intended to impugn the loyalty or integrity of any UNC correspondent or news-gathering organization. Any such implication would be without foundation and in complete contradiction to the spirit in which these precautionary measures are being taken."

Despite the soothing and disclaiming tone of the final paragraph, the impact of the message was terrific. A lengthy and murky record of undistinguished press activity in Korea now had

been climaxed by the highest American authority in the Far East with the accusation: "You have been fraternizing and trafficking with the enemy."

To assess the significance of this affair and its implications, one must consider this salient circumstance: throughout the seven months of battleline meetings American and other UN reporters rotated normally. Personnel of the group was altered daily in part. But identity of the three smug Communist writers never was changed by their astute masters.

What the army knew and the press ignored was this: Our correspondents, many of them tragically inexperienced youths, were consorting daily not with honest, candid newspapermen but with highly trained, controlled, and remorseless agents of the Kremlin's Politburo.

The brew that resulted from the mixture was a medicine of mischief.

A tiny victory

TO AN EIGHTH ARMY OFFICER in 1951 from his teen-age daughter came a letter, which concluded: “. . . and so, Dad, since all my friends ask about you and that awful war, I wish you would tell me what goes on there.” The father replied:

“So you want to know what goes on here. . . .

“Bluntly, we are retreating. We simply do not have the manpower to cope with the hordes now pouring down this peninsula from Manchuria in the cold and snow of the winter.

“I have just come from Pyongyang, the North Korean Communist capital city we were forced to abandon. There I had served with Eighth Army’s Advance Tactical Headquarters. We traveled 170 miles in tank-escorted convoy, and made it in twenty-four hours without incident, except for two brushes with guerrillas. Road hazards cost us some vehicles and casualties.

“A great army in retreat is a fearsome thing. Its by-products are tragic. With all my being, I hope our people at home may never find themselves transformed into aimlessly wandering refugees searching for elusive simple safety.

"But let me personalize the Pyongyang story for you.

"In that city I hired Lee Jung Hak, a young Korean college man, as interpreter and translator. Lee was from Taegu in South Korea, had gone north as an employee of one of our divisions, and had remained in Pyongyang because there he had met, loved, and married a North Korean woman. (Yes, life goes on that way even during a war.)

"As days passed and the likelihood grew that our army would have to quit the city, Lee's agitation became more and more visible. Finally, he talked to me. Lee faced the necessity of making the same awful decision I have known so many men to wrestle with in so many places these last years. Occident or Orient, the pattern always is the same. They must choose dignity or contumely, freedom or slavery, life or death for themselves and their families.

"There were three reasons why it was sure the oncoming Communists would murder Lee as soon as they should catch him. First, he was South Korean; second, he spoke English; third, he had collaborated with us.

"Of course, he knew he could flee southward and save himself. But he could not take his wife for lack of transport. On the other hand, if he remained with her, her execution as well as his would be virtually guaranteed. His dilemma: to seek life but separation from his wife, perhaps forever, leaving her in danger of possible imprisonment or death—but with some chance for freedom; or, to remain with his wife and face almost certain death together.

"Snow fell with the dusk on the evening of the American army's last day in Pyongyang. Lee's stricken face was rosy, as he closed our blackout shutters, in the glow from the nearby burning home of the Red dictator. Our gas lamps were flickering and our tiny, miserable, always-smoking, wood-burning stove was no match for the piercing cold.

"Headquarters was on a modest hill. About us the city burned at many points and the ground shook as demolition crews did

their work on military stores, buildings, equipment that could not be moved, railroads, factories, and airfields. The streets were alive with people, numb with astonishment and fear, scurrying for safety where there was none. Tens of thousands were massed on the shore of the broad river that cut through the city, begging for passage to the south, but all bridges were reserved for military traffic. Some were wading in icy water to their armpits, even mothers with babes on their backs. Some drowned, and those who did not, found their clothing freezing stiff as they staggered from the water. Fate was generous with these poor souls, for it offered them a choice of many forms of suffering and death.

"Lee sat in a corner writing. Tears streaked down his brown face. He came to me again. Could I possibly get his wife across the river to her people's home, could I? I could try. I knew Lee had made his decision and was writing that last letter.

"I scrawled a note to the military police bridge guard. One of our jeep drivers picked up Lee's young wife, drove her across to the other shore, and left her with her husband's message.

"As this last somber night wore on, Lee sat as in a trance, his face now as ashen as ours soon would be from Korean road dust.

"When first-light tinted the snow, a thousand-ton ammunition dump went up. Bits of our window tinkled to the floor as our blackout flaps crashed inward. All pre-dawn lethargy was gone. The city heaved, then settled back for a new and loathsome day.

"It was then that word came of available space on two trucks of our convoy for Koreans who were our friends. Lee leaped for joy, then slumped in despair. His wife was over the river and it was but a half hour until departure time.

"But we were not to be denied at least a tiny victory. We sent our captain in a jeep to pick up Lee's wife. He did it in time; and as our convoy paused, she was lifted into the truck where Lee was waiting.

"On hills south of the city we stopped and I walked back to Lee's truck. 'Happy now?' I asked.

"'Oh, but yes, Major!' They certainly were.

"I gazed at the black pillar of climbing ugly smoke over Pyongyang, where a world was coming to an end for so many.

"I looked up at Lee and his wife, where a modest world was just beginning—or so they believed.

"Now you know, my daughter, what goes on here."

MILITARY CENSORSHIP

PRESS CENSORSHIP was spawned by Eighth Army in Korea by the death of a general, but its birth pangs were uncounted violations of the elementary security rules designed to mask the army's intentions from the enemy and to save the lives of its men.

Actually the premature disclosure of the accidental death of General Walker two days before Christmas, 1950, was not, as it happened, a serious security break. However, the emotional shock of the General's loss while the army was striving, with the outcome very much in doubt, to halt the onrushing Chinese, caused the command to face up to the situation and act to enforce military security.

That day, December 23, complete censorship was ordered. A group of officers, all with civilian newspaper experience, was designated as censors, and eleven hours after the General died the writing of all correspondents in Korea went under military surveillance.

Any survey of the genesis of Eighth Army censorship rightfully should begin with acceptance of two demonstrable facts:

1. There had been press revelations of value to the enemy, that endangered army plans or the lives of its men, or both, in connection with every major and most minor operations since the Korean war began.

2. Ninety per cent of the press correspondents in Korea said they wanted censorship, and a good many campaigned to get it.

The first premise is shocking, but it cannot be refuted; the second is surprising, perhaps most of all to home-front members of the Fourth Estate. Responsible and experienced correspondents in Korea favored censorship because they knew that only thus might military security be ensured and because only the military had access to knowledge and information on which to base censorial decision; others sought it in order to shed the burden of competition with their fellows for "spot" news and to shake off the relentless pressure from the Stateside press, news agencies, and radio chains for speediest delivery of all the latest possible news concerning frontline action and probable action.

The first Eighth Army chief censor, an officer with eighteen years of experience in the daily newspaper field, said as he assumed his ticklish task: "Our primary aim will be to prevent release of information that would endanger our troops or would be of value to the enemy. We will maintain a sympathetic attitude toward legitimate activities of all press representatives. We will not be arbitrary, unreasonable, or humorless, and we will have sound reason, though not always able to disclose it, for each action taken. We will proceed in the belief that the folks at home would rather get news a few hours late of a son who is living than news of a battle before it begins and then of a son who is dead."

During the six months of the war prior to that fateful, dismal December 23, there had been in existence something called "voluntary censorship," a code by which correspondents were supposed to abide. Actually, in practice, they found it impossible to do so, regardless of good intentions, because of competitive pressures. A referee was needed, and no one knew this

better than did the correspondents themselves. General MacArthur supported the high purposes of this honor system, and so did the press relations officer of Eighth Army. Even as late as two days before General Walker's death, when General MacArthur had so far given up on the honor system as to tell EUSAK it might do what it deemed necessary to enforce security, Eighth Army reiterated the belief that correspondents could make voluntary censorship work acceptably.

The plain fact is that voluntary censorship did not fail. It simply never was tried. At no time were a majority of correspondents able to proceed to their own satisfaction under the honor system. In justice, it should be said that perhaps they could not, because such a mutual imposition of restraint is wholly foreign to all traditions, customs, and practices in the highly competitive business of gathering and selling news.

Before full censorship was imposed, breaches of security were virtually a daily occurrence, though usually unintentional and due to lack of official guidance.

One would hardly expect a general to face up to that situation, but some of the correspondents openly edged up to it, as, for instance, when Walter Simmons of the *Chicago Tribune* wired his paper on January 15: "Charge of irresponsible reporting was partially admitted by newspapermen when they asked for censorship to protect themselves against erring minority. Sharp competition led to premature reports of capture of Seoul and capture and fall of Pyongyang."

Never at any time did Eighth Army accuse any correspondent of any form of misconduct other than violations of security—and most such instances simply were ignored by the military because of its keen desire that relations with the correspondents' corps, recognized as a vital factor in the war effort, be amicable. Nevertheless, it was a fact that correspondents did on occasion, possibly with no intention of so doing, reveal information through press and radio that was of value to the enemy and which, if revealed by an army officer, might well have resulted

in his trial by court-martial and possible conviction, punishment, and disgrace.

Lest it be lost to sight in this "profile" of EUSAK censorship and its effect on news of the war, let it here be emphasized that the basic cause of security violations was the never-ceasing pressure applied by publishers and editors at home on the news-gathering agencies (dependent on them for income) and on their own correspondents. Those publishers and editors, it must be believed, would not be forever so insistent on "hot news from the front" were they cognizant of the sometimes awful effects, at the battle-front, of their revelations. What the home-front editors and news bureau chiefs did not know or chose to ignore, the war correspondent and soldier did know and dared not ignore.

Here are some of the major Korea war events which occurred before censorship was imposed, and concerning which the press violated "volunteer" security to the endangerment of military operations and personnel: the tragic, hazardous, and lethal retreat to the Naktong; arrival of the U.S. Army 2nd Infantry Division in Korea at Pusan; arrival of the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division with an amphibious landing at Pohang; arrival of the initial British force; first landing of the U.S. 1st Marine Division; loss of Major General William Dean; amphibious assault on the city of Inchon, port of Seoul (this was revealed ten hours before it actually happened); first entrance of the new U.S. Air Force Sabre jet plane into combat; movement of 1st Cavalry from reserve to front line when the Chinese struck in the critical Chongchon River battle; first recovery of American prisoners from the Chinese (a security breach which may have forestalled efforts at that time of Eighth Army high command to negotiate a return of more of the prisoners); evacuation of the bridgehead at Hungnam as the ill-fated X Corps operation in northeast Korea ended. Those were some; there were others.

In addition, during the dreary days before censorship, there were hundreds of security violations in the filing of news of

daily activities at the battlefield—routine, but nonetheless deadly, activities. Correspondents, at that time, were able to phone anything they chose to their Tokyo bureaus. And the American news services sold their product to Japanese press and radio chains, so that it was not unusual for a soldier preparing to go on patrol toward the enemy to hear his patrol's strength, proposed route, and objective broadcast on the Tokyo radio. The same was true of members of task forces about to depart on dangerous missions, of men belonging to outfits whose positions had been "secretly" altered to seek tactical advantage. No one ever will know the extent of the military handicap imposed by those then hour-by-hour radio and press disclosures. It is true that our combat men were much too well occupied to be aware of the state of affairs, and probably that was just as well, but one may rest assured that the Chinese and North Korean enemy was listening, constantly and avidly, and very likely chortling with glee. He had but to listen each day to the radio and read our press, from which radio in one way or another gets virtually all its news, and he possessed knowledge of our order-of-battle, intentions, strength, losses, difficulties, and, all too often, plans for the future. It is no exaggeration to say that, in this amazing and unprecedented situation, the enemy received information of vital importance as soon as did GHQ in Tokyo or the Pentagon in Washington, and all too often as soon as did the headquarters of EUSAK itself.

It may or may not be of significance, for there were other relevant factors, but it is a fact that after EUSAK imposed press censorship the enemy displayed far more uncertainty and was guilty of more wrong estimates of the situation than ever before.

Two days after Christmas, 1950, General Matthew Ridgway assumed command of Eighth Army. Three days later he forbade further disclosures of our order-of-battle (deployment and designation of troop units: corps, divisions, regiments, etc.) and ordered a "news blackout" maintained so long as units were not in "full contact with the enemy." Obviously, this was de-

signed to deprive the enemy of information about our forces until he found out for himself. On December 29, Ridgway, at his first press conference in Korea, told the correspondents he fully supported enforced censorship and he told them bluntly, but cordially, that he expected them to abide by the rules "as members of the team."

On New Year's Day, 1951, the first Chinese Communist offensive into South Korea began along the front at the 38th Parallel.

Under censorship at this time, correspondents were required to submit all proposed stories in writing to the censors stationed at Eighth Army Headquarters. Once the story was cleared by the censor, the correspondent was free to phone it, via army communications, to his Tokyo bureau, or cable it to his home office. It was now that agency men developed a technique, in an effort to evade censorship security rules, known as the "Twenty Questions Trick." It went like this:

Once the correspondent with Eighth Army had finished dictating his approved story, the Tokyo agency man would question him.

Q. Where is Joe?

A. Seventeen ess.

Q. Where's Sam?

A. Ten enn.

Q. How's the weather?

A. Stormy.

Q. Any lightning?

A. Sharp in the mountains.

Q. Are you coming over soon?

A. I think so.

Q. When do you expect to come?

A. I'll try to leave in three or four days.

And so it went. Obviously, the correspondents were using a rough "code" in their effort to beat censorship.

Here is a "translation" of the questions and answers:

Q. Where is the enemy?

A. Seventeen miles south of the 38th Parallel.

Q. Where are our troops?

A. Ten miles north of Seoul.

Q. What's the military situation?

A. Not good for our side.

Q. Is the enemy attacking?

A. Yes, in the mountains.

Q. Do you expect that we will surrender Seoul?

A. Yes.

Q. When do you think we'll retreat from Seoul and go south of the Han?

A. In the next three or four days.

Now if one will read only the answers as given in the "code," which is all that could be heard by eavesdroppers on the conversation at the Eighth Army end, it will be observed that nothing would indicate the passage of censored information to Tokyo. It was not difficult to arrange, since Korea correspondents frequently flew to Tokyo and back, and since use of the military mail system was unrestricted to them and mail was uncensored.

"Twenty Questions" was an amusing game for a few days, but was broken up when the censors threatened to expel the guilty newsmen from Korea. It should be said, too, that most correspondents frowned on this dodge adopted by the few.

"Twenty Questions" was only one of the methods devised by newsmen in an attempt to deprive Eighth Army of the vital protective screen of censorship. True, comparatively few newsmen were guilty, but the problem was serious at one time, because the few involved almost all represented the world-wide news services, which supplied press and radio with all "spot" news.

Of course, censorship is a bad, bad word with fearful connotations, such as also are a long list of other words—most of which end in "ism." Actually, however, if one will analyze, he

will find that those disposed arbitrarily and always to condemn one or more systems or practices denoted by the "bad" words are basing their judgments solely on what they see as abuses or injustices under the system. Never is the whole of a system bad; perhaps it might even be perfect if it could be always properly employed without the interference of self-seeking sources of influence. Of course, no such millennium is in sight.

Inherent in wartime censorship is this vital factor: what is at stake in a war zone combat crisis is the freedom or very life of a man, a platoon, a battalion, a division, an army, or even an entire nation. Finality is at hand for you and yours, or for the enemy and his. Under such circumstances, with the enemy pounding at the main gate, one does not shout to him that the bricklayers have left a hole in the city wall on the other side of town.

So it is that wartime censorship sometimes, to ensure the safety of the many, must conceal possible error on the part of a few—at least until the crisis has been passed. So it is that it is sometimes the duty of the censor to suppress the truth because of the very fact that it is the truth and, being the truth, would be of great value to the enemy if disclosed to him by radio, press, or any other means. Truth, as EUSAK censors often asserted, is no more of an absolute justification for passing a fact through censorship than is truth always a successful defense for a newspaper accused of libel.

On January 3, 1951, when EUSAK's security censorship was barely out of swaddling clothes, Eighth Army was retreating southward before the invading Chinese. The order was given to evacuate Seoul. General Ridgway, the new army commander, requested that all correspondents help to conceal the army's intention from the enemy. Major General Leven Allen, Eighth Army's extremely able chief-of-staff, estimated that the critical withdrawal across the Han River's temporary and pontoon bridges could not be completed before late the following day, Thursday, January 4.

The army's group of censorship officers at that time had been divided for the convenience of the working press, some accompanying army headquarters as it moved southward in Korea, the remainder to stay in Seoul as long as possible. It was well recognized by the army that from the standpoint of the press this was indeed a "big story" and one the people of the world were entitled to have as soon as it could be released. But, first, precautions had to be taken for the safety of the tens of thousands of men and millions of dollars' worth of equipment that had yet to be gotten across the broad Han River at Seoul and also east of the capital. It was with the utmost prudence and elementary common sense that the army strove to conceal from the enemy its passage through the dangerous Han bottleneck as long as it possibly could. It was beyond army men's comprehension that anyone, except their enemy, should wish, for any reason imaginable, prematurely to reveal the river crossing. But they lacked appreciation of the press' constant appetite for that "big, exclusive story."

At 2030 hours (8:30 P.M.) on the night of that crisis-ridden January 3, a correspondent phoned the following to his agency colleague at army headquarters south of Seoul: "United Nations troops began evacuation of Seoul this afternoon. Long columns of vehicles jammed with soldiers moved south across bridges over the frozen Han River. There were flames in the city of Seoul as departing refugees set fire to homes and some buildings. United Nations troops still hold positions well to the north of the city, but evacuation of the battered capital was ordered this morning." The agency properly submitted the story to army censors at headquarters and it was stamped "DELAYED," as the agency knew it should and would be, and it was not then transmitted out of Korea or in any way released. At five o'clock the next morning, January 4, the agency man was informed by his Tokyo office that "the opposition had broken the story" in the United States. One agency, because it had obeyed the rules, had been badly beaten, although it had started originally with

a clear lead of at least four hours. Worst of all, the enemy had been informed that Eighth Army was moving over the river southward at a time when the army was not yet half across and thousands of troops still were north of the river facing a foe who outnumbered them vastly.

Here is how "the opposition" achieved its beat.

A correspondent at Seoul phoned the "opposition" story to his agency's man at an Eighth Army Headquarters press billet. The latter, in turn, phoned it to the "opposition" bureau at Tokyo. Each of the three who handled the story had immediate access to army censors; each of the three avoided those censors; each of the three knew he was violating press security rules.

It must have been such goings-on that prompted the editor-in-chief of one news service to cable his Tokyo bureau chief: "Glad to see army cracking down on chiselers who break security and then try to alibi. Warn all staffers they must abide strictly by regulations and make no attempt whatever to break censorship. Tell all we place security far above any competitive advantage in reporting news."

It should be said here, this handsome and no doubt sincere statement notwithstanding, that correspondents of all services at one time or another side-stepped the rules. But the case cited at length was outstanding and not untypical.

By the way of balance, it might be noted that censorship clashes did not all occur on a one-way street. Correspondents voiced numerous legitimate gripes and many times censors reversed their decisions when convinced they should. If they did not, and the correspondent still was dissatisfied, he could appeal to Eighth Army command, GHQ, and even to the Army and Defense Departments in Washington. Military censors are by no means omnipotent, but their interests and purposes are those of the army, as they should be, not those of the commercial news-gatherers, press and radio. Besides, to recite censorial weakness and error would be unnecessarily repetitious, since this has

been done, and will continue to be done, by news services, newspapers, and their columnists, and *Editor and Publisher*, the trade journal of the profession.

When Eighth Army decided to impose press censorship, the officers chosen to do the job found themselves without authoritative guidance and totally without experience in the field. (Thank goodness, comparatively few experienced censors are at large among Americans in the army or elsewhere.) From the depths of somebody's dusty file they fished a battered copy of the censorship rules enforced by the army during World War II. They were adopted virtually *in toto*. The ensuing uproar amazed and amused the censors. Stories appeared that the rules were the most drastic in history; that correspondents were threatened with imprisonment; that all adverse criticism was to be shut off; that the world public was to be deprived of all news of the war in Korea. This separated the sheep from the goats, for sound correspondents experienced in World War II were not aroused or alarmed by the censorship code, which they recognized as an old and mellow acquaintance. The Johnny-come-latelies, however, fell over themselves to pound out eye-poppers about the "new" rules. But the whole thing finally simmered down in a welter of embarrassment. The code remained intact and nobody went to jail.

One of the subtle tricks of the journalistic trade was displayed in connection with the censorship rules, when one agency told its readers that the code said the army "will" court-martial reporter-offenders. Actually, the code, both in World War II and in Korea, said: "In extreme cases of offense, where investigation proves the circumstances warrant, the correspondent *may* be placed in arrest to await deportation or trial by court-martial." Quite a difference!

As a matter of fact, no press correspondent ever has been court-martialed by the army for violation of military security in his dispatches, though this is no indication of lack of cause for such action. It is simply that the correspondent, because he rep-

resents our cherished free press, is gladly accorded a status giving him great privilege and freedom. This is as it should be; but more correspondents should recognize it, appreciate it, and conduct themselves as though sensible of their responsibilities as well as their preferred status.

On January 11 GHQ decided to leave all censoring to Eighth Army. Eighth Army, in turn, issued instructions to all subordinate commands that censorship would be the responsibility of official Army headquarters censors solely.

By February 10, Eighth Army had pushed northward again to the Han River south bank opposite Seoul. That night, Correspondent Lee Ferrero of INS accompanied a South Korean patrol across the river and into the city and came back with a good story. UP men were chided by their home office for not having done the same. "A month ago," was the retort, "you told us to stay off patrols because of the danger." "That's true," rejoined the UP higher authority, "but this was a very significant patrol." It might be added that the patrol in question was one of the most hazardous on record.

By February 19 the Chinese offensive in the Korean mountains of the central front bloodily had been halted. General Ridgway held a press conference and for the first time (though by no means the last), Eighth Army censors made deletions from remarks of the commanding general. Stricken for obvious reasons were the general's quotes: "In two or three days we shall attack. . . . If they'll leave that North Korean corps down our right flank another couple of days, we'll cut it off and destroy it." Needless to say, the General approved of the censors' action.

Three weeks later, on March 13, GHQ at Tokyo re-entered the censorship field, decreeing that stories already censored at Eighth Headquarters should be "reviewed" by censors at Tokyo. Thus was instituted the system of "double censorship." It ended when GHQ took over all censor functions three months later. Eighth Army censors previously had expressed their opinion of

double censorship by referring to Tokyo a story authored by Jan Selami Akpınar of Vatan. It was in the Turkish language. Even double censorship was no help.

From the viewpoint of the correspondents, one of the most annoying dictums the censors were required to enforce came from General Headquarters, Tokyo, to Eighth Army on March 20. Said GHQ, as the northward-driving army was approaching the parallel for the second time: "Absolutely no mention of '38th Parallel' will be passed in news stories!" Nobody in General MacArthur's Headquarters openly has admitted fathering that one. The army was nearing that fateful line on which the eyes of the world were fixed; it was among the most publicized bits of imaginative geography in all history; but no writer was to be permitted to mention it! The very next day, to the relief of the embarrassed censors, the order was amended to permit correspondents, but not military personnel or "spokesmen," to mention "38th Parallel." The entire affair willingly was forgotten by all as Eighth Army crossed that accursed line.

Three months after it had been instituted by Eighth Army, the censorship system went under revisionary study, after the chief censor on March 25 recommended that "double censorship" be ended. He also suggested that security be tightened by taking all press copy off Korea-Tokyo telephone circuits and restricting it to teletype. The first recommendation was adopted, but the second was not.

Along with Eighth Army security violations chargeable to daily press and radio must be added those of the magazines. A good example occurred midway in June, when a possible cease-fire agreement was in the air and the United Nations Army for the third time had driven northward over the 38th.

In its Korean war account, one magazine said: "Although censors cracked down on the identification of most UN units, they did clear broad hints that the victorious I Corps now comprised fighting men of eight nations, including three American divisions." Then, on the same page, the magazine proudly of-

ferred a map of the battle area, and with it gave the order-of-battle of I Corps: 1st Cavalry Division, 3rd Infantry Division, 25th Infantry Division, 1st ROK Division, British 28th and 29th Brigades, Turkish Brigade, Greek, Thailand, and Filipino Battalions.

In other words, the magazine seemed to say to its readers, Eighth Army censors passed all the information they legitimately could and for security reasons didn't want this to be known, but we're very clever, and here's the low-down on the make-up of I Corps. It did not point out that the enemy also can read.

In this "break," two military secrets were disclosed to the enemy: (1) that British units had been assembled, and (2) that 3rd Division had been shifted to the I Corps sector.

General Matthew Ridgway, C-in-C, Far East, radioed Department of the Army: "Order of Battle I Corps violation of security. In particular, Commanding General EUSAK desires to keep secret concentration of Commonwealth units and return of 3rd Division to I Corps. [Magazine] states info compiled from cleared dispatches and other info, presented to Pentagon for clearance and clearance granted. . . . Solution appears to be rigorous orientation of all publishers on danger to troops and projected operations of this type publicity."

In reply, Department of Army messaged Ridgway: "[Magazine] article and map was not submitted for clearance to Army Public Information Division nor to security review branch of Office Secretary of Defense, the authorized agencies for arranging for clearances. It has been pointed out to publication's representatives that desires of Commanding General Eighth Army must be considered paramount on all matters of this nature. . . . Wire services and press in general have been asked repeatedly to publish nothing of strength, roundups of units, and Order of Battle. No Order of Battle or comparable information is released in daily press briefings [at the Pentagon] or in answer to press queries."

The magazine's defense was that it had compiled the order-of-battle by "putting two and two together" from all sources, which may have been true, but the fact remained that here again was a violation of security to the endangerment of an American army fighting the nation's enemies.

It has been said that nobody loves a censor. That's putting it a bit too harshly, but certainly it is true that nobody loves a censor all of the time. On the whole, however, EUSAK censors and correspondents got on very well, thanks largely to an ample supply of good humor and tolerance on both sides. One correspondent so reacted to the balm of spring and his feelings for the censor as to pen the following "ode" attuned to the stately measures of "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

*Mine eyes have seen the censor with my copy on his knee;
He is cutting out the passages that mean the most to me.
"This sentence hurts morale as it's defined in Section 3;
"This sentence must come out!"*

*Glory, glory to the censor; glory, glory to the censor;
Glory, glory to the censor; this passage must come out!
And here upon the second page I spy the word "retreat";
That is just the word that everybody knows is censors' meat.
I think in using such a word you've shown an awful gall;
The proper term's "withdrawal."*

Glory, glory to the censor, etc., The proper term's "withdrawal."

*And what is this that's written here before my very eyes;
It is calculated to embarrass us with our Allies.
The neutral countries all will think that we are turning
chicken;
This passage must be stricken.*

*Glory, glory, etc., This passage must be stricken.
I've cabled back a warning to our desk and rewrite men
That their changes in my copy may bring me back home
again.*

The censor when he hears of them may ban me from Korea—

Say! That's not a bad idea!

Glory, glory, etc., Say! That's not a bad idea!

At about the time the foregoing appeared, United Press' Peter Kalischer came up with a sensational yarn from somewhere near the 38th. EUSAK's censor eyed the copy warily and pocketed his "approval" stamp, but agreed after some gleeful thought that it might be transmitted to his second-guessing "double" in Tokyo.

A beautiful North Korean spy, Kalischer wrote, had been captured by the advancing U.S. Army. Her name was Lil Fo Prao and, when nabbed, she had a huge supply of opiate in her possession. On her person had been found the Tokyo PX card of an American colonel, with the February and March nylon stockings ration used. "This," Kalischer quoted the troop commander as saying, "is the best bag we've made recently!"

In dead-pan, Kalischer dictated the story to UP's Tokyo bureau. UP submitted it to the Tokyo censor. This was significant news, the latter thought, of intelligence interest. He sent it to G2. G2 went into conference on it with General Headquarters' chief-of-staff. While they were pondering, UP saw a great light and screamed at Kalischer for an immediate explanation, which he laughingly offered.

It was April 1 and Lil Fo Prao is an anagram of "April fool."

THE PRIEST

HE WAS dubbed "God's PIO."*

When first he was billeted among war correspondents, there was some consternation. After all, a correspondents' billet always was a barroom and sometimes a brothel. And this man was a priest!

Indeed he was. But he was more. He was a whole man of the world; his ideas stemmed from ideals; his faith was not clouded by illusion; he calmly took up the challenge of the complacent norm, with his sights hard-lined on the foe.

Of all the war correspondents with Eighth Army, he was the most unusual—and among the most able.

This big-boned man with eyes of blue frost, a silver cross on the lapel of his dungarees and another emblazoned to the fore of his fatigue cap, was Father Patrick O'Connor. He had picked his planned way through a half century of service; some cracked that he even had chosen his own day of birth, for it had been St. Patrick's Day of '99, the place Dublin.

* Public Information Officer (public and press relations).

At least once, virtually every correspondent attempted to explore the mind and spirit of the soldier and to put the findings in prose. But they failed, and they knew it and admitted it. Only to O'Connor, among the correspondents, was the fighting man articulate on the shadows and highlights that leaven the soul. And this only to O'Connor the minister to men, the priest of the confessional.

For O'Connor the priest was always the correspondent whilom, though professional. There is no need to point out that it would be impossible for him to spread the soldier's soul upon the journalistic canvas, but that he could come close to doing so there can be no doubt.

O'Connor even heard the hard-to-come-by confessions of war correspondents, men labeled as exceedingly hard-bitten but known to the astute observer often to be conscience-stricken on the heels of mischief.

This priest-correspondent of St. Columban's Society for Foreign Missions in the Far East very likely celebrated mass for more soldiers than did any military chaplain in Korea. He was able to move about at will, while the service chaplain was bound to his unit, and he always was in demand since there never were enough chaplains in Korea to minister at once to the thousands of units large and small.

He believed there were not enough chaplains and that they were not always most advantageously assigned; he told the army commander so.

He heard the confessions of the paratrooper awaiting the take-off; of American officer-advisers to the South Korean Army on the march; of the worried infantryman about to go on patrol to draw deliberately the fire of the enemy.

Of many of these men who sought solace of the church as they neared the maw of war, he commented somberly: "They wait too long."

One could piece together relevant O'Connorisms of that sort and come up with the impression he suspected mankind may

have waited too long. But he was a merry man, this Irishman, and never unaware of his kinship to the lay sinner. Never profane, as soldiers are, nor vulgar, as correspondents become in their effort to simulate possession of the military crust, this writer-priest nonetheless talked man-talk in a forceful way the while he stood foursquare his ground that only with the God-head lies salvation.

He had seen enough, been enough, done enough, and mulled enough over the mouthings of men to justify his well-chiseled opinions. A matriculant of the National University of Ireland, he mastered in English, joined his then newly formed order, spent four years at St. Columban's seminary at Delgan Park, Galway, and was ordained in 1923 just before he was assigned to the order's understaffed North American unit at St. Columban's, Nebraska, near Omaha. There he became editor of the order's magazine, *The Far East*, and thus crystallized his life's orientation.

In the years that followed he visited and studied the mission fields of the Far East, all of them, and in 1944 was elected president of the Catholic Press Association of the United States, which some believe the most erudite of the journalistic groupings. Twice he had sought to become a military chaplain, but, wisely it would seem, his church each time decided that a priest-reporter was a scarcer human commodity than a priest-soldier and of at least equal merit. He remained a correspondent for National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service. There was genuine alarm among the gentlemen of the press when one day in January, 1946, a priest appeared with accreditation as a reporter and took up quarters at the Tokyo Correspondents' Club, a hostelry branded even by some of its members as a place of somewhat more than occasional iniquitous goings-on. The good father was bland, smiling, accommodating, and, no doubt, immensely amused. Withal, and always, he never missed his lone or shared morning mass, whether in a quiet corner of a revelry-ridden billet, a tent quivering to the guns, or on the open loam of a desecrated Korea.

He found much grist for his mill of type, for Japan had been, as he put it, behind a religious iron curtain for a very long time. And then, in October of '46 he was at Nanking in China.

The disputed mission of General George Marshall had achieved only its own twilight. The mission was falling apart, even as the Nationalist and Communist members of the "cease-fire" teams were deserting their fellows in despair.

O'Connor was disturbed over reports of persecution of believers in the faith. At his behest, Marshall arranged for him to meet the Communist chieftain, Chou En-lai, later to be China's Premier.

He spent a pleasant hour with Chou—that is, an hour of pleasant personal contact. But Chou made it quite clear, though his parleys with the American mediator-general not yet had ended formally, that his goal for China was a completely Communist society and state. When O'Connor showed Chou what he had written, the Communist erased the word "state." The state would be in whatever form necessary, he seemed to imply, to produce a Communist society.

In his farewell address to the divided Chinese conferees, who had lost or won according to their masked interests, Marshall voiced the forlorn hope that a liberal wing of the Communists might join with a progressive wing of Chiang Kai-shek's Kuo-mintang.

"Marshall indulged a fallacy," O'Connor observed. "There are no Communist party wings that have kept their heads."

Four months later at Yen-an, Red capital in the Shansi fastness, Chou En-lai, knowing that when he spoke to O'Connor he spoke to the Catholic world, was blunt when he said: "We expect that under Communism religion will become merely a matter of fantasy for artists."

There was, O'Connor observed, a uniformity of philosophic view and general attitude on the part of the Red leaders of China and Japan, for Sanzo Nosaka, Japanese Communist party boss,

had told him: "We are materialists and our goal is to make religion disappear." Nosaka read the article, O'Connor recalled, and initialed his statement as quoted.

O'Connor in China wanted also to talk to Mao Tse-tung, reputed to be perched at the apex of the Red hierarchy, and Chu Teh, commander-in-chief of the Red Chinese Army. But the party would not permit the meeting. A steely O'Connor grin greeted comment that possibly the party preferred not to expose all its leaders to a militant Irish missionary.

In the spring of '47, and for two years, O'Connor enjoyed managing the Hua Ming (China Light) News Service for the Catholic bishops of that country. On the part of the church, it was a move toward a resumption of cultural activities interrupted by the war with Japan. O'Connor thought it terrific fun. His corps of churchmen-correspondents, spread throughout China, couldn't be equaled in reporting on crops, floods, social conditions, and the like. China Light, with headquarters at Shanghai, was so good that Associated Press, United Press, International News Service, and Reuters all subscribed.

Though the Communists were at the gates of the great city on the Woosung in May of '49, O'Connor optimistically bought a return airline ticket when he went to Japan for observance of the four-hundredth anniversary of St. Francis Xavier, Nippon's pioneer Catholic immigrant. Behind him the Red curtain clanged down at the edge of the China Sea.

A correspondent again for NCWCNS, O'Connor returned to the Occident. After twelve years he went back to Ireland to appear to his nieces and nephews as a living family legend. In January of 1950 he attended the first postwar international conference of the Catholic press and told the world, via Radio Vatican, what he had learned of the Red conspiracy in Asia. He visited in France and Germany. Then Communism burst across the 38th Parallel in Korea and he found himself a war correspondent.

With United Nations guns growling for the third time north of that sensitive, though imaginary, rib of this earth, there was this colloquy in the Korean field with Father O'Connor:

"You are convinced, then, that the Reds are anti-church?"

"Communism in the Far East, as elsewhere, is avowedly anti-religious. Communists usually do not launch full-scale persecution at once, but their goal always is the same. Definitely, they intend, by force and propaganda, to wipe out religion."

"Would you, therefore, describe this as a holy war?"

"Hardly, as yet. Many on our side are just as materialistic as are Communists. It is futile and tragic to fight one form of materialism with another."

"Have you an answer?"

"If all people who are anti-Communist were pro-God, the world would be saved from many a sorrow."

"How do you find the spiritual state of our soldiers?"

"It reflects directly the spiritual health of the nation. The good are very good; the careless are very careless. War has awakened a number of men to the question of their own destiny and eternal salvation. But even war has failed to do so for some. If a man has had good religious training and education, he probably will stand up under the strain of war. If he has not, he is pitifully unfit to cope with the terrific personal crisis war entails."

"What of our military moral leadership?"

"Too many of our commanders are noncommittal or merely sentimental about religion. They encourage well-publicized charities, assistance to orphans, and graveside religious display. It's not enough and it's not all as straightforward as it might be. Books and films and pseudo-entertainment are made available to our young men which they might profitably do without. I know of a commander who acquiesced in the staging of a striptease affair for his men. He said he knew it was bad for their morals, but that it was good for their morale. That commander, in my opinion, suffered from mental V.D."

There were those who described Patrick O'Connor as Eighth Army's conscience, but that hardly was apt. An effective conscience is obtrusive and he was not.

Once he came upon a troop officer and a chaplain in dispute. The chaplain had delivered a sermon on the "blessed are the meek" theme.

"I don't want my men meek," the officer declaimed, "I want them intrepid and aggressive."

"I quoted the words of Christ," the chaplain countered.

"Maybe so, but there was nothing meek about Jesus. He was bold and vigorous and took the lead. That's the way I want my men."

Patrick O'Connor grinned and silently went his way.

A soldier's letter

IN KOREA one December, with Eighth Army in full retreat, the spirit of Christmas was as absent as were the jolly gifts that once graced the shattered shelves of shops consumed by war. One pensive soldier built Yuletide for himself round a letter to the eldest of his three very young nieces, a letter which reminded the little girls there were men of good will in far-off, fearsome places.

My dear Susan:

It was mighty thoughtful of you to write me about Thanksgiving at home. Your poem and your description of the table and the kernels of corn brought the day to me pleasantly even though belatedly, which was just as well because on November 23 I was in now fallen Pyongyang and it was a very busy time but not one of rejoicing.

I have a Christmas story for you, every word of it true, which I am going to send to Aunt Nina. Perhaps she will read it to you Christmas Eve. Let's call it:

CHRISTMAS IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

"Well," he said as he climbed with resignation into the ramshackle boxcar, "I got every single simple thing, except what I most wanted—some Christmas cards to send to friends at home."

He was a wholesome-looking blond youngster, and he had been with Eighth Army in Korea long enough to wonder why sometimes. It was mid-December in 1950, a seasonal fact which naturally channeled most thoughts to the homeland.

The small boxcar was crammed with fifteen officers and enlisted men, far too much baggage for comfort, and Yorick. His name wasn't Yorick, but his fellows called him that, presumably because he had straw-colored hair and a Scandinavian surname.

In the floor of the boxcar were ragged holes big enough for even the plump Major to fall through, so Yorick helped to shift boxes to cover them and otherwise make the car's dingy and dirty interior as little uncomfortable as possible.

Thereafter, all settled themselves to await the train's departure, which didn't occur until ten hours and two-thirds of sixteen C-rations later. This caused no original or unusual comment, for these men were hardened veterans of Korean railroad vagaries.

"I wish," said Yorick, "that I had some Christmas cards."

Sometime during the night the train started southward from Seoul, part of Eighth Army's unwilling but then advisable withdrawal before the great human wall of China.

Thousands and thousands of words, many of them appropriate to the subject but unacceptable in a story for children, would be required to describe a ride on a Korean freight train. Let us, as with all unpleasantness at this season, dismiss the topic with only the comment that the AEF of 1918 in La Belle France experienced nothing remotely similar because, if it had, the eight horses never could have survived.

Next morning it was found the train had progressed no more

than twenty miles but had acquired more passengers. They were refugees and they clung amid bundles of all their remaining worldly goods to the tops of the cars of this erratic, eccentric, unbelievable means of transport.

These were the dispossessed and they were fleeing in panic and fear from the Communists.

Any normal person with even a casual sense of logic will insist that a train must stop only as often as it starts. Doubtless this must be true, and even a Korean veteran will agree up to a point, the point being that he knows it is not true of Korean trains of that time. He knows, and he could prove if one would but ride with him (which one would not if one would remain normal), that Korean trains stopped far more often than they started. Not only more often, but longer and more thoroughly. The sun seldom set then on a Korean train that had moved since its last sitting. Let us drop a subject, children, which can inspire such gibberish as that last sentence.

As noted, it was next morning and the train, naturally, had stopped.

The displaced Americans lowered themselves stiffly from the boxcar's splintery doorway, and the native refugees climbed, slid, and fell from the boxcar's top. The Americans grumbled and grouched over their horrible lot of the moment, while the Koreans were smiling mutual congratulations that twenty miles more were between them and their big Red brothers from China.

Yorick was shining his yellow hair in the cold morning light. He squinted into the low sun with eyes focused thousands of miles eastward and said, "Gosh, but it's just not right not sending cards this time of year. Gosh darn!"

It was just about now that Yorick forgot Christmas cards and most other things that had seemed important. For Yorick, probably for the first time in his blithe life, stared at hunger. There it was, right there on this platform, gnawing at babies and parents and old folks and kids.

Yorick began by giving most of his morning ration to a family of three.

Then the train took off again and ran for all of seventeen minutes before surrendering to custom and jolting to a halt at another station.

Yorick now was out on the platform as a purposeful man with a plan. He rounded up the Korean food peddlers, on hand at all stations, and began to buy and give.

He bought apples and peanuts and dried fish and walnuts and persimmons and bread and rice cakes. He distributed his purchases to the hungry, weary, and cold cartop riders, and upon him they showered smiles and twinkling tears and graceful little bows that went with strange Korean words of gratitude but that find a common routing to man's heart in any language.

This went on throughout most of the day at stop after stop, and there were many. Yorick felt good, and he was good. The refugees, most assuredly, felt better, and had found yet another indication that they were right in running with their children and their goods from the Communists who so love the little people everywhere.

Night was feeling for the brown Korean countryside when the train stopped not many miles, but not a few of Yorick's dollars, farther on its way. He was on the platform again.

A mild-mannered Oriental, a traintop passenger, had been a spectator at each station. His beard was black, not white; his garments were white, not red; there were no reindeer in sight; no sleighbells tinkled. Nevertheless, he said to Yorick as he pressed upon him an oblong package, "I have watched you, sair. I thank you, and on behalf my people here I want you to accept this from all of us."

Said an aghast Yorick in protest, "I didn't . . ." but the graceless train was starting, his fellows were calling, and Yorick had to run for it, half stumbling as he yelled unintelligibly backward until he was hauled through the boxcar's ugly door.

Yorick, embarrassed and even a bit annoyed at the turn of

events, retired to an obscure corner behind dusty baggage and gingerly opened the paper-wrapped package.

Its contents were twenty single-folded sheets of soft white paper. On each was a different brightly colored, hand-painted picture.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Yorick, and then asked himself, "How could that Korean man have come by these?"

Yorick didn't know the answer, and he never would.

For the man on the platform had given him a package of Christmas cards! And on each, below the picture, was hand-printed in bold English letters:

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

THE ENEMY

Soldier from Ho Mei

AFTER A BRIEF, GRIEVOUS FIGHT in the hills near the 38th Parallel, a Canadian patrol of Eighth Army stood over the bodies of the vanquished Chinese. It was Maytime and the Korean countryside was green-tinted, as it was in far Ho Mei in Central China whence Ha Chung Wha had come. Ho Mei would not see Ha Chung again for he was dead with a bullet through his heart.

The Canadian troopers learned Ha Chung's name because he left a diary. He had not escaped death, but he had escaped war's awful anonymity.

Ha Chung had been twenty-four and a true believer in the Communist faith and its leaders who had loved him so. He had been proud and happy during the mid-March farewell ceremony staged in his home town and his heart had welled with gratitude toward Mao Tse-tung. Six days later by train Ha Chung and his comrades were at the broad Yalu and, his diary said, "could not get any rice."

"Of course I am not scared," Ha Chung wrote in his book of 1951 that was to be spattered with his blood, "but I keep thinking about air attacks."

Two weeks more and Ha Chung route-marched across a long Yalu River bridge from Antung in Manchuria and entered North Korea. Daily then he trudged southeastward, scuffling with his fellows through the melting snow, until another long week had passed and he came to the Chongchon. He was, Ha Chung chronicled, "exhausted by walking and walking," and he wrote after still another week, "Haven't any food supplies. Gloomy around our squad; soldiers complaining they'll starve to death."

Ha Chung was a brave man in his own tiny way, and he left this record of his gesture: "I stood up and scolded them. I told them our leaders are no doubt considering the present situation, and it is obvious we will not in any case be starved to death. I think we should remember that the way is hard, and we are to endure it to achieve our aims."

"They understood," he scrawled as an afterthought and possibly with doubt, for some doubt there must have been.

Ha Chung, who described himself as once a student of the Military Government Academy of the Second Chinese Field Army, by the end of March reached Sunchon, where the Chinese had broken through Eighth Army four months before. Then he was in Pyongyang, capital of North Korea and the first great foreign city he had ever seen. (Never in modern times, before their invasion of North Korea, had Chinese armies fought on other than Chinese soil.)

At Pyongyang Ha Chung was ill (perhaps too much and strange food) and, in his diary, he regretted he "could not well do his work."

April 4 his squad practiced tactics against tanks, but his triumphant notation of that day was: "We shall get a personal indoctrination course at 3 P.M., every day from now on." It was worth while for this weary walker to mention that on the

following day "We traveled late at night by transport for five miles."

Now he made his sole reference to his personal arms. He had, he wrote, received three hand grenades.

Ha Chung was not only a soldier; he was a poet, too. Midway through April, with the Asian spring burgeoning, he composed a poem on this land that was taxing him, a poem that disclosed a foreboding:

*Tough and stout Korea,
Your bones are tough.*

His pen dwelt, lonely as he must have been, on a somber possibility:

*The moment when the blood pours out,
Will there be pain or not?
Comrades! How do you think of it?*

He was a reporter, also, was Ha Chung, in this diary which he dared not show to others while he lived. He sorrowed: "No transport, no carts; all burned and destroyed."

Then, in the privacy of his pitiful chronicle, he lifted a cry in the night of war to the ideological tribune he believed loved him so, to Mao Tse-tung. "Leader Mao," he prayed with his pen, "I wish you would fly over here to cut them to pieces with your enormous might."

Ha Chung was approaching the front; he could hear Eighth Army's guns on April 17. "Men and horses are tired," he wrote simply that day. Just five words, for he was of that exhausted company. Next day he roused himself to comment: "It was a long, long way. My boots felt as though made of iron."

Here the diary grows ragged. Ha Chung, like any frightened animal, is scratching his way into the ground on hillsides. He has no time to write, if he would live. He huddles in his holes as bombs and shells shake his earth.

The day before he was killed, Ha Chung from placid Ho Mei

wrote in his diary as though he knew it all the time. His last entry was one of bewilderment, of resignation, of surrender in the Oriental way to predestination. "It seems we've lost the way. We may be surrounded. One of the comrades asked me to rise to see what there was around us. He said it was dangerous. Someone else said we should stay where we were. Far away about eight kilometers a signal flare went up. Can't say whether from enemy or friendly troops. We are confused. Still, we have not seen any enemy. But it is obvious there are no friendly troops nearby. Every one of us asks same question, 'Where are we?' Well, we will be damned! We will depend upon our destinies!"

"Depend upon our destinies," Ha Chung had written in this last hour, not "Leader Mao."

And then his dead face put again his question:

"Comrades! How do you think of it?"

The Not-So-Simple Agrarian

Choi Huh was an enemy agrarian—he was a North Korean farmer.

A hard-muscled man with black eyes and beard and bristling hair, he had toiled his life in the valley of the Taedong south of Pyongyang and inland from the port of Chinnampo.

He owned his farm of typical size—less than three acres. He was affluent in the eyes of many of his fellows, for he owned also an ox, two pigs, and twenty chickens. Before 1945 and the coming of the Communists, who loved him so, Choi harvested rice, corn, millet, potatoes, and peas. Of the Korean staff of life, rice, he produced about five hundred pounds each year of normal growth.

Thus, with their help, Choi and the land made it possible for eleven to live—his parents, his wife and himself, their four children, his brother, and his two sisters.

When the Russians came to North Korea on the heels of the

defeated Japanese in 1945, they announced they would distribute the land according to size of families. In Choi's neighborhood they did so. He received an additional acre and a fraction, but it was five ri (one and a quarter miles) from his home place and it was not the much-desired rice land.

After five years of Communism Choi was disillusioned. When Eighth Army drove the North Korean Reds from his province in 1950, Choi was hopeful of better times. But soon Eighth Army was withdrawing before the invading Chinese and Choi had arrived at his time for decision. He became a refugee, one of the millions of landless and dispossessed, and he fled as far southward as he could go.

A Voice of America reporter, accredited to Eighth Army, drew forth Choi's story. With mere alterations of detail, it is a tale that could be told in all truth by a multitude in Korea. It might be called: "Indictment By Choi."

"The Russians said they would distribute land to the farmers without fee, would confiscate from the rich and from any landowner unless he farmed his land himself. Much land was confiscated. The plot they gave me had been owned by Shin Tam, who lived in the same village with me. He was not a rich man, but he did not farm this land himself. He hired others to labor for him. So much of his land was taken from him. He had a family of nine and no wealth other than his land. When he lost his land, he took a job and worked as a clerk.

"After this land 'reform' in 1946, the North Korean Communist government levied so much in taxes that I could not improve my increased land. At first it was 25 per cent, but later it was 50 to 70 per cent. The government told me the land had been given without fee, so I must pay a tax. Then they said many laborers were working in the factories to produce goods for the farmers, so the farmers must pay a tax to aid those laborers. Later they charged a patriotic tax—to pay soldiers for fighting for the country. They collected rice for tanks and planes—they said farmers had no money, so they should pay in rice.

"There was a tax on meat, which I paid in rice.

"There was a tax on ropes and straw bags, which I paid in money.

"There was a tax on hay produced, which I paid in hay.

"For city finance, I paid a money tax.

"For fertilizer, I paid a tax in rice.

"For schools, I paid a tax in rice.

"We were forced to pay in money or rice to support the 'brothers' in South Korea, the Communist underground there.

"There was a tax in rice for 'administration' of the land.

"We were forced to buy shares in the farmers' bank. Each county had one and all farmers paid. We had to buy shares according to wealth at 50 Won per share. Usually a man bought three or four, the rich more.

"We were made to buy shares in the Consumption Guild.

"We had to give money for the Supporters' Association of the Fatherland Security Council. All citizens were in on this. Some called North Korea 'fatherland,' some called Russia 'fatherland.' Usually, they meant Russia.

"I was forced to join the Russian-Korean Cultural Association at 20 Won per month. All who could read had to enter the association.

"Each month I was made to pay five Won for the program of the Patriotic Fighters."

Choi went on calling the greedy roll.

"All farmers and their families had to join the Farmers' League, 20 Won per month for the farmer and five Won per month for each additional person in his family.

"The Democratic Youths Patriotic Association collected five Won per month from all sixteen to thirty years of age.

"The Women's League collected five Won per month from all women from sixteen to sixty.

"For the Red Cross I paid 120 Won each year. At least one person in each family had to join. They promised to build a

Red Cross hospital and treat members without fee, but no such hospital was built and no one received treatment.

"They collected from us for National Loan Bonds. They proposed to build a textile mill to make cloth for us farmers. The bonds were for 100 and 500 Won and most had to put a month's pay into them. And I never saw such a mill arise.

"The 'patriotic food' collections deprived us of much. We were starved for the military. They took not only rice, but every kind of produce. We were forced to deliver the food to them at the Village Hall and especially they sought potatoes because Russia needed potatoes and most were sent there.

"At first eight hours a day, later fourteen hours a day, there was compulsory labor for everyone aged eighteen to fifty. At first we worked during the day, but later, when the bombings came, we worked at night only. We repaired roads, packed fertilizer, and dug shelters for soldiers. Gradually, the men fled to the mountains. Then the women were put to work. Finally, only old men, women, and children were left for field work.

"There was but one voluntary money contribution—to go to the survivors of soldiers killed.

"Always there were meetings and more meetings and always we were urged to pay all kinds of taxes. The speakers praised Communism and reviled the Republic of Korea. But mostly, they urged, 'Pay your taxes faithfully.'

"In North Korea rich men usually owned factories, land and buildings, fishing areas and boats. These things were nationalized. So the rich became poor. Even those who were rich in money lost out, for in 1947 there was a Communist 'money reform.' They ordered all to surrender their money to the banks in exchange for a new issue. But, in that exchange, millions of Won just disappeared. One man I know paid in 200,000 Won and got back 27,000.

"Collective farms? We had none. The government said that sometime there would be some.

"After paying the taxes and making the 'donations,' there was not enough to eat and have seed grain for the following season. For that reason, many farmers deserted the land the government had 'distributed' to them. They defied the government and tried to work at other tasks.

"Years ago— it seems so long ago now— we hated the Japanese who ruled and ruined Korea. But the Communists were worse. Under the Communists, we had less money, less goods, less freedom, less everything.

"So I came south with you when the Communist Chinese came into North Korea. Before you occupied North Korea last year, the Communist soldiers killed most of the young people in that town of mine. They would have killed me too.

"My family? I do not know."

So ended the account of Choi Huh.

The Kremlin's Long "Line"

So fantastic was the enemy propaganda and method that Eighth Army men found that attempts to rationalize on the subject led only to bewilderment.

In November, 1950, when the first group of American prisoners was released by the Chinese north of the Chongchon, Eighth Army's intelligence and command sections sought the motive for the surprising act. Tell your comrades how well you were treated, the Reds had urged the prisoners; tell them they are fighting for warmongers and imperialists and capitalists; tell them what we've taught you of the glories of Communism; tell them to throw down their arms and raise their hands in surrender and we will receive them kindly. Did the enemy really believe Americans would fall for that sort of thing? Were they, in reality, so naïve?

They did, and they were. And why not? Their sole previous military victories had been over other Chinese, over the neglected forces of Chiang Kai-shek, and many of those triumphs

had been achieved through that method. Why should a Chinese of limited intellectual horizon not believe that Americans would react to the same line of propaganda in the same way? Had he not been taught they were the most downtrodden of all peoples?

Lesson for Americans

"Comrade Liu," Major of the Chinese Communist Army, stood stiffly at Huichon in North Korea before a group of bedraggled American prisoners. Comrade Liu spoke English without a flaw, unless a touch of Harvardese might be so considered. His flow of words included even authentic slang from the shallows and depths of America. He was affable, he often smiled, his faucet of charm was full on.

"Never mind about your equipment and your organization and such like," he airily declaimed, "we know all about them." (Aha, a psychologist, too!)

"How was your meal?" he asked solicitously. It had been good enough, the Americans admitted. (It had been rice, corn, meat, and greens.)

"You will note you have been treated well," Comrade Liu said, "and I am glad to see your wounded have had attention." The Americans nodded, for it was so.

"I have here a book," the Chinese said as he held up a volume. "One of you— how about you, Sergeant?— will read this aloud to the others. Is that understood?" The prisoners nodded.

The book was *People's China*, authored by the late Agnes Smedley, who created an uproar after General MacArthur's Headquarters had questioned her loyalty as an American.

"Now," said Comrade Liu, "I want to tell you some of the harsh facts of life in this age, and you must believe me. Common people all over the world want peace. Millions of Chinese have signed the Stockholm appeal for peace. Wars are fostered for their own gain by capitalists, imperialists, and Wall Street millionaires, like your President Truman, your General Marshall,

and your General MacArthur. However, we do not dislike the American masses; understand that. We think it is a shame that Americans have had to come here to die. We are here because you have bombed our Chinese cities and because your Seventh Fleet is holding Formosa, which rightfully belongs to us."

Up to this point Comrade Liu had betrayed just a hint of boredom.

But his eyes sparkled with anticipation, as he motioned for a Chinese woman soldier who was present to begin taking notes. It was question period again. The Americans settled resignedly. (How many times?)

Comrade Liu asked that day's selectee, as he had others before:

Do you own property?

How many brothers and sisters do you have?

What civilian work did you do?

Do you vote?

Why did Truman send troops to Korea?

What do you think of Henry Wallace?

Is MacArthur directing activities or is he just following orders of the United Nations?

What percentage of your officers are college graduates?

What percentage are West Point graduates?

What is your religion?

Why did you enlist?

Are you making the army your career?

What are the duties of your military police?

What is life like in the United States?

How do your American labor unions function?

What is the condition of American morale?

How do your officers treat you?

How do their superiors treat your officers?

Does your army indoctrinate you politically?

What do you men talk about among yourselves?

What do you think of Chinese Communists?

What do you think of Wall Street capitalists?

What do you think about this war?

Each day thereafter Comrade Liu quizzed another of the prisoners, they reported when they had returned to Eighth Army.

Over and over he lectured to them on the glories and wonders of the "free Communist nations." He supplied them with English-language periodicals printed in Budapest and Moscow that praised the Reds and damned the West in article and cartoon.

Once he held up a package of Lucky Strike cigarettes and said, "Here is why you are fighting this war." (Quite a testimonial, one of the prisoners later grinned.)

"General MacArthur," he said, "gave Agnes Smedley a raw deal." (Which will be news to the General and to his former G2, General Willoughby.)

When the day came on which the Americans were to be released and sent to their own lines "to spread the word," Comrade Liu was jaunty and confident. He wished them good fortune, spoke a few condescending words of farewell, and concluded:

". . . and so you are being freed and returned to your own people, now that you have been given 'understanding.'"

He believed it, too!

ROKs AND KMAGs

MONDAY, JUNE 18, 1951, was a scorching hot day on the Taegu Plain in southeast Korea. Dust draped itself on the shimmering heat waves in Eighth Army Headquarters compound as a jeep labeled KMAG (Korean Military Advisory Group, USA) plunged to a halt before the Army Public Information Office.

Up north at Seoul General Van Fleet confidentially had told the press the previous day that the army, then across the parallel into North Korea for the third time, was through advancing again and would “dig in” for an expected resumption of the Red Chinese offensive. For the moment the military yo-yo was static.

“Yes, it’s right hot here,” said the KMAG Major in reply to the Army PIO’s hackneyed greeting, “but not so hot as down at our house. We’ve got a ruckus in high places.”

He bore a written statement which General Garrison Davidson, the onetime West Point football coach who was then bossing KMAG, wished released to the world press. The statement quoted Lieutenant General Chung Il-Kwan in a denial of re-

ports "broadcast on the radio in the United States" that he had resigned as chief-of-staff of the ROK Army.

"I'll wager you," challenged the Major from KMAG, "that some Korean government bigwig called a press conference at Pusan and popped off without warning."

"I don't bet against cinches," rejoined the PIO. "Look on page one," and he tendered a copy of *Stars & Stripes* of the day before, just in from Tokyo.

A United Press story datelined Pusan, ROK government seat at the time, asserted that not only had Chung quit as army chief-of-staff, but also as "Supreme Commander of the Republic of Korea Army, Navy, and Air Force." The revelation in the press was credited to Mr. Chang Kyung Keun, Vice-Minister of Defense.

So the story said, and no doubt Mr. Chang made such a statement.

But the point was that Chief-of-Staff Chung had not resigned and did not intend to resign.

It was a typical ROK maneuver and of the sort that produced constant confusion in Korean governmental and army ranks and muddled ROK relations with the U.S. command and others of the Allies. In this case it was plain that someone or some group in the Pusan official structure wanted General Chung to get out and hoped, without success in this instance, to force his hand.

Perhaps that was why the ROKs chortled, despite their astounded concern at the event, when General MacArthur got his wee-small-hours-in-Washington dismissal via radio through his wife at luncheon in Tokyo. But they had to admit that while the MacArthur fall shattered American military precedent, the General Chung affair was SOP ("Standard Operating Procedure") in Korea.

A lot has been said, good and bad, boastful and belittling, hopeful and despairing, about the South Korean government and the South Korean Army. Much of what has been said has

been ill-advised, most has been inaccurate, and virtually all has sprung from a paucity of knowledge. Far too much has been expected of the Koreans.

To understand Korea today, one should begin by recognizing that:

There is not now and never has been a Korean democracy; the voice of the people simply is not heard or raised.

There will not be a Korean democracy, probably not even a Korean nation, unless the United States sees the country successfully through its present crisis and stands by with a great deal of material, political, and moral aid for many years to come. Unless the U.S.A. makes up its mass mind to do this and does it, Korea might as well be crossed off as the shambles it has become.

Korea's immediate overshadowing fear is that the Great Powers will make a deal which will leave Korea still divided. Aged, determined, and relentless President Syngman Rhee has remarked coldly that should this happen, Korea likely will "do something desperate." In all probability this dedicated man, who has used up his life seeking the goal of nationhood which now seems tragically to elude him in the twilight of his years, means exactly what he says. To agonized Korea, a fitting climax to centuries of abuse at the hands of aliens might be national suicide in the form of lone and hopeless war with the smothering Red hordes from north and west.

Korea's great fear for the far future, should she survive as a nation, is that Japan may be permitted to rearm on a large scale. For Koreans, though this may seem odd to the Occident, fear the Japanese over the long pull more than they do the Chinese or the Russians. Until the end of World War II, they were lowly Japanese vassals for forty years. The humiliating experience is vivid in their bruised memories, and that period of brain-numbing servitude has much to do with their inability to reconstruct and operate an adequate machine of government or the meager technology of their country.

Koreans, all their pride in their cultured and mystic past notwithstanding, lack a sense of nationhood such as is possessed by Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and even some of the peoples of the Soviets. They do not identify themselves as units of their country. They see themselves as inhabitants of their country, but not as integral parts of it. They view Korea as a land mass of surly mountains, rebellious rivers, nourished by rice and grain fields, and girt with plenteous fisheries. But they are unaware of the need for definitive national aims, mutuality of purpose, and loyalty to practical and realistic ideals. To most Koreans, wallowing in ancient Oriental cults of superstition and moonshine, the spirits of rocks and rills and trees and households which people their mythology and demonology are the source of well-being or misery and hunger or plenty. Only vaguely and suspiciously are they aware that economics, the social fabric, and the relations of nations have sway over their destiny.

So it is that, without this vital sense of nationhood, without a social amalgam of human cohesiveness, the men who make up the Korean Army fail to identify themselves or their organization with something they know as their country, as their way of life, or as that social group with which they are congenial, as do Western armies. To them, the Korean Army is in itself an end and an entity: a source of advancement and profit and professional and social preferment.

Like other Oriental military bodies, the Korean Army does not see itself as of its people, but rather as an elite class raised above the masses. In wartime, they consider themselves to be above even those exalted ones, the scholars and professional men and government leaders. Korean military chieftains have little appreciation of the proper place and proportion of the military in a wholesomely balanced society.

This results in arrogance, and arrogance is a costly luxury that cries for expensive material sustenance. Thus, the Oriental military man encounters his dilemma—how to pay for the

"face" he assumes and deems he must maintain. On his lawful salary he can't do it.

A Korean brigadier general is paid the equivalent of about twenty-two dollars per month. In an American billet a houseboy makes as much, and a waitress, with her pay and three meals a day, makes more. A Korean first lieutenant is paid six or seven dollars per month.

All such low-paid leaders must find added income in order to live and support their families at all, not to mention attaining the scale of living to which they may feel they are entitled. This problem of the Korean leadership is stressed because it is chiefly in the sphere of leadership that the Korean military is lacking.

It is not right for a man to graft and steal and embezzle. But if his choice is that or privation for family and self, he will do it. Particularly will he do it if he is of a society that for ages has practiced the business principle known as "cumshaw" (to us, "the rake-off"). It is too much to expect a ten-dollars-per-month officer not to go wrong, according to our lights, if he is made custodian of and responsible for equipment and supplies worth tens, perhaps hundreds, of thousands of dollars, and if the trading customs of the civilian community to which he is related are geared and tempered so as to rationalize and make easy the irregular, but profitable, transaction. It is wrong, but there it is, and it is not to be cured by the clucking tongues of the Western world, which, after all, knows at least enough of the corruption of graft, "cuts," and "kickbacks" to realize the difficulty of even controlling the evil, much less abolishing it.

When the KMAC Major spoke to the PIO of a "ruckus in high places" among the ROKs, he spoke sympathetically. Of all Eighth Army personnel, the KMAC officers and enlisted men alone were in constant and close touch with the Korean army from the smallest forward unit feeling out the Red enemy to the highest echelon of command. They were helpful advisers in

every sense of the word, but they were more—they were comrades in arms, as KMAC casualty roles testified. Said KMAC men who trained and fought and bled with the ROKs:

“We admire them and we’re sorry for them. They’ve been forced to play in the Big Leagues when they’re only Class D calibre and couldn’t fairly be expected to be more. They’re as courageous and tenacious and hardy as any soldiers on earth, but their leaders lack savvy and seasoning, and why not? Most of their generals are green youngsters twenty-eight to thirty-three years old, who, usually, were sergeants at most in the Korean forces raised by the Japs. Even a man with thorough military training and considerable technical experience is rarely a good general when so youthful. Knowledge of how to direct the work of many men of all types and how smoothly to co-ordinate one’s activity with that of other leaders comes with experience only gained over a long period of time. There is no shortcut, not for the ROKs nor any others.”

Each of the three commanders of Eighth Army in Korea had his difficulties with ROK troops, and all exercised restraint and tolerance toward the militarily immature ally. It was the third Eighth Army chief, General Van Fleet, who said: “It is true some ROK divisions have on occasion given way before massed Chinese infantry. It is also true that ROK divisions have not the fire power, the artillery support, or the mechanized equipment American divisions possess. We must realize that it takes a long, long time to learn to use modern, highly technical military machinery and weapons, and longer still to grasp the methods of its effective use and its proper maintenance. I and many others in our army have devoted most of our lives to study and practice in attempting to realize the maximum of our offensive and defensive fire power potential. We’ve learned a lot, a good deal right here in Korea, and we’ve progressed a lot, but not yet are we satisfied with what we are able to do. So don’t expect our ROK friends to pick all this up in a few months. To give them

equipment they haven't the technique to handle would only burden them unnecessarily and unfairly."

There was never a time among Oriental peoples when rank, be it social, political, or military, was not accorded unusual privileges. This also has been true in the Occident, but in recent centuries there has developed, until now it is accepted as basic, the principle that rank also carries with it responsibilities to the masses. No such attitude is noticeable among more than a few Oriental leaders, and the Koreans are no exception. If there are ninety-nine men and one officer to be fed, and only ninety-nine rations of rice, one of the men will go without; the officer will eat. Similarly, should disaster overtake a Korean force on the battlefield, the officers will strive to save themselves. This is no indication of cowardliness or even selfishness. It is simply the logical result of Oriental tradition, training, and fundamental belief—the common man is plentiful, cheap, and easily reproduced; brains, culture, and caste, though their worth may be only imaginary, must be preserved and nurtured. And there is no middle class in Korea. One is either of the comparatively few privileged or of the twenty-seven million work-ridden, debt-burdened poor.

There is an intelligentsia among Koreans. But they glory in the mosaic of a checkered past and a demi-culture. For the future, they have as yet offered little. They do not and will not do the fighting; they have not furnished and will not furnish adequate leadership. To them, democracy means freedom for their class to govern. They wait in vain for an obscure future they expect will re-create a dead past. Enlightened leaders of Korea, when and if they appear to join the very few now to the fore, must look for support and assistance and national strength to what (for lack of a better term) one must describe again as the common man of Korea. There are millions of him.

The Western conception of teamwork is difficult for the Korean to grasp. When a Korean officer is made custodian of American ordnance equipment—trucks, artillery, machinery—for

the use of his Korean Army unit, he becomes in his mind the actual owner of that equipment. He usually seeks more equipment, regardless of need, and he is puzzled that others, namely the Megooks,* cannot recognize his vital necessity. For that equipment is the badge of his rank, the measure of his personal empire, the evidence of his "face." Of course, he possesses a conception of the need to ensure the welfare of the whole army of which he is a part, but he cannot see how that desirable state can be attained and maintained unless his own demands and those of his unit first are met in full. In this, again, he is not out of line with the design of his society, nor is he acting in a narrow or selfish manner, according to Korean lights. On the contrary, he is exhibiting practicality and farsightedness.

As the ROK Army began to attain relative stabilization following destruction of the North Korean Army in South Korea, American KMAG advisers desired to institute in the ROK Army an information and education program similar to that employed in the U.S. Army. They sought to implement such a program in ROK Army officer, noncommissioned officer, and other basic schools first. But this was not the Koreans' concept. They projected a network of unit propaganda officers; a sort of "political commissar" system not unlike that employed by the Communists; a skein of influence from on high that might mold and control the common man in the ranks. As the war moved well into its second year, this difference of motive and method had not yet been resolved and there was no adequate Korean program in the education-information field.

Now, one may say, all that has been set forth as ROK frailties is evidence of faults common in the main to all peoples and all armies. And that is true. Alas, even in our own army, some men are ambitious in a callous way; they make difficulties for their rivals, they are undemocratic, they are arrogant, they seek personal gain, they strive for security and profit at the expense of

* Korean for American or foreigner.

others, they delight in power over their fellows, they abuse their privileges. But there is this difference. We recognize these evils for what they are, we regard them as undesirable, we seek to stifle them or stamp them out, and virtually always, as a result, they themselves procreate their opposition. We do not endure them, as does the Orient, as part of a pattern of life worth preservation and acceptance by all.

As early 1952 wore on, much had been done and was being done to afford Koreans opportunity to acquire the art of military leadership. ROK officers of high and low rank were attending U.S. Army schools of all degree in the United States. In Korea, under KMAC direction, schools for noncommissioned officers and officers, as well as training centers for all personnel, were established and in operation in all parts of South Korea.

Perhaps the capstone was laid when a modern institution of military learning, expected to be the West Point of Korea, was dedicated and began molding its first class.

And there was ample evidence that Koreans possessed a keen will to learn and were learning. South Korean divisions were increasing in number and improving in quality. One may hazard a guess that the Red enemy someday will learn this to his sorrow.

Lest a totally unbalanced impression be left, let it be said that Eighth Army's sojourn in Korea has not been one of un-mixed delight for the native population. U.S. elements of Eighth Army, naturally a cross-section of the Stateside population, were saddled with their quota of reckless men, sadists, criminals, degenerates, and those ignorantly arrogant souls who sow hatred for things American wherever they go, and who seem, it must be admitted sorrowfully, to have been almost everywhere in the last decade.

At the hands of Americans, Korean civilians suffered robbery, assault, rape, murder, the gamut of indignities. To be sure, only a small minority of army personnel have been involved in crime,

and some have been caught, convicted by courts-martial, and punished. But far too many Americans have been guilty of trampling under their thoughtless, booted feet the very rights of man for which we avowedly are fighting.

Americans play rough in a war zone, and a lot of people, other than the enemy, get hurt. From the standpoint of the innocent by-stander, the American Army at war is not the world's best-behaved, despite what Mom and Pop at home may smugly believe.

Probably no greater effort in the field of public instruction is put forth anywhere than the years-old United States campaign, through virtually all available media, to instill traffic discipline and a respect for traffic safety measures in the American public. Yet, a year after Eighth Army entered Korea, Headquarters EUSAK found it necessary to broadcast this "memorandum to all troops." Despite its informality, its implications were grim:

"How to Alienate Friends and Eliminate People

"The dignified, white-robed 'Papa-san' observed the huge two-and-a-half-ton truck grinding in his direction and calmly gauged his step so that as the truck passed it would run over and destroy the spirit which was following him. His timing was bad. Papa-san joined his honorable ancestors!

"The refugee college professor was deep in meditation of the ancient philosophy of Confucius as he strolled through the countryside oblivious of his surroundings. Geared to another age, his startled reaction to the blatant honking of a jeep horn came too late to save him from the cowboy maneuvering of the GI driver. Today he has ample time for meditation as he lies in a hospital, his leg in a cast.

"Warned by his parents, even as American children time and again are cautioned, a small child thoughtlessly dashed after his ball into the path of an onrushing vehicle. His parents mourn

the child with a feeling of resentment toward careless soldier drivers.

"The increasing number of daily accidents in which Koreans are injured by army trucks is becoming a matter of great concern. Normal road courtesy and common-sense safety measures are neglected. Some, who feel they have developed great skill, have been observed trying to see how close they can come to pedestrians without hitting them. This recklessness is not worthy of the American soldier and draws condemnation from Koreans and right-thinking soldiers alike.

"Many soldiers seem to take a perverse delight in frightening civilians by driving very close and then suddenly blaring their horn at the unsuspecting. Others make repeated attempts to chase the Koreans off the road and into ditches. Americans are notably impatient, and too often drivers direct vile and belittling profanity toward those who slow their progress. Swearing at the driver of an oxcart will not make the ox move faster. It will cause the owner of the cart to resent the impertinent discourtesy of the soldier who curses him.

"We are not in this country as conquerors. We are here as friends. Certainly the residents of this nation have an inherent right to travel their own streets and roadways without being in constant danger of injury by army vehicles and without being threatened and abused by the drivers of those vehicles. Keep your shirt on! After all, it's his road!"

In that statement the army, of course, recognized its problem and its responsibility and was seeking a remedy. But think, too, of the problem this hazardous situation represented for civilians in a country where, in addition to normal traffic, from two to four million persons had been forced onto the roads as refugees. It must be said that in the face of this and many other trials and troubles arising from the presence of a large foreign army, notwithstanding that army's over-all good will and high purpose, the patience and forbearance of the Korean were a cause for wonder and, incidentally, gratitude.

If the Korean survives the awful test to which he has been put, it will be his victory, and it will be due, in large measure, to his self-possession, his deep well of lone personal courage, and his stately humility in the face of what must be to him the madness of the nations and the wrath of his gods.

KOREA'S KING HORN

THERE ARE too few steadfast men among us to scoff at even one.

Even one such as the small, aged Oriental who climbed to a platform under a bleak winter sky in Korea on a day late in January, 1952, and gazed from out his wrinkles at a vast multitude of his people. Behind him was his war-blighted capitol, its seared windows resembling missing teeth in a sickened face, its vast blistered dome cowering under miserably faded and shredded flags not only of Korea but of the United Nations too.

All about him tumbled the skeletal debris of Seoul, city of his babyhood and boyhood and manhood, city of his torture and his triumph, civic symbol of his life's dedication. He had been here many times previous to this Lunar New Year appearance in his seventy-seventh year. He had been here as the nation's first scholar, as a founder of its first daily newspaper. Here he had embraced Christianity and political liberalism and had been tortured and for seven years imprisoned because his opinions annoyed the last of Korea's emperors. He had been hounded here by Japan's police, and he had so disturbed the island empire that it had offered \$300,000 for his person, quick or dead. He had been here proudly to campaign when his people first

freely voted, and he had been here to be chosen first President. He had been here and not been surprised when the Communists attacked, and he had been here with MacArthur's conquering arm around his frail shoulders for the victory still to be violated by the Chinese. Now he was here again at the heart of this nation he had nurtured to test a pulse which, like his own from age and toil, was feeble from a monstrous bloodletting. He was here, with the armed enemy still but forty miles northward, to goad his tired people about truce talks in a tent on that battle-line of moral cleavage.

He was Syngman Rhee.

I stood not far from the President as he gazed somberly over the cheering, waving throng; over its tossing heads at the once magnificent city now declined so miserably under the stomping of the armies, and on beyond to the expanses of his wrecked and ruined country round about. And I believed he was remembering.

Remembering his springs in the Yi family, which had helped to guide Korea since a hundred years before Columbus crossed the Ocean Sea, his youth in the Methodist school here, his weeks of torture under the rod and in the stocks and by the manacles, his years of imprisonment before the chaos of the Russo-Japanese War set him free, his fruitless pleas at far-off Oyster Bay to the First Roosevelt, as war mediator, to make Korea whole. He was remembering his self-dedication and his preparation, the earning of degrees at George Washington and Harvard Universities and a doctorate of philosophy at Princeton.

He was remembering his return to Korea forty-two years before as Japan dropped the mask of benevolence and named an Imperial Governor for his native peninsula, his return to this city and his second exile, the bitter-sweet interlude in Hawaii, Woodrow Wilson and his inspiring New Freedom and concept of Self-Determination which blended so well with Rhee's Confucian pacifism, the bitter rebuffs he absorbed at Versailles in '19, his appeals to the League at Geneva, where he won nothing

for Korea—but a wife, the Austrian Franziska Donner, for himself.

He was remembering, I suspected, the coldness of the government at Washington in the years prior to Pearl Harbor, his return to his homeland after that war, with American approval as a “useful private citizen,” his refusal to compromise in Korea with Communism when some Americans would have, his decision to fight when Communists attacked; and he was remembering that Americans had fought then, too.

He was remembering thirty-five years of exile and fifty-five years of incessant effort to give meaning to Korea—and that he had succeeded at a cost which now weighed heavily upon him.

Bareheaded and in a neat topcoat, the President nodded his white-haired crest at the crowd. He gestured gently with a gray felt hat in a way that must have seemed cheery to those at a distance, but it was plain at close hand that bitterness was splashed on his crinkled brown face.

He began speaking. He hurled a clenched hand in the direction of the great gutted building behind him. “Tear it down,” he said, “build a new and a better, and at another place.” Rid yourselves of wreckage of the past, he seemed to say.

“Most politicians in Korea are corrupt men,” he accused, and he was at once sorrowful and savage. “They are corrupt or remnants of outmoded nobility.”

But the President, it became evident, was thinking mainly of the talks in the tent on the battleline. “Time and again,” he confessed to his people, “I have wondered whether the Free World wants Korea to fight Communism—or wants Korea to cease so to fight.” It was a galling admission for this doughty man.

“The cease-fire talks,” he admitted, “are meaningless to me.” He gripped the rail before him until knuckles paled and said, “If necessary, Korea will fight on alone . . . and to the finish! No least bit of our national territory should remain in Red hands; not a single Korean live a slave’s life under Communist domination.”

Now the great throng watched and listened in awe as their President drank of his own tears. "I may have made a mistake," he soberly said, "when I ordered resistance to the Communist attack in 1950. I hoped for victory, but there is no victory though hundreds of thousands of lives have been lost."

There was a pause, then: "I feel personally responsible and guilty."

The old man's eyes were water-veiled; his hands shook, and emotion made his vibrant voice tremble. It was not unlike an echo from the Old Testament when he went on to declaim: "I will appear before my people and admit my mistake. I will ask our soldiers to fight on with me, though it mean suicide. I will finish my days leading our men to the very end."

What, on that gray day, was Syngman Rhee asserting? Did he mean that if an armistice were arranged at Panmunjom by the United States and the Red enemy, he would order his ROK troops to fight on defiantly alone? He didn't go quite so far as that, but far enough to cause alarm.

America's Ambassador to Korea, John Muccio, soon after tried to silence the patriarch. He chided him, but Rhee flared that Muccio could tell the U.S. State Department he would never accept the proposed cease-fire, and hotly he invited the Ambassador to warn President Truman he was wasting his time in trying to negotiate with Communists.

Muccio's mission failed. Rhee went on about his country, pointing to the tent at Panmunjom, castigating Russian Communism as he had for decades, and insisting, "Months of cease-fire talks, while our men die each day, is utter nonsense!"

Was it nonsense? While Rhee was saying so, an American colonel-negotiator at Panmunjom was declaring to the Red delegates, "I now tell you formally, unequivocally, and with fullest authorization that the United Nations command's decision to reject the Soviet Union as a member of the neutral nations supervisory commission is final and irrevocable. Further debate on this subject will be completely futile. I repeat, the decision of

the UN command to reject the Soviet Union . . . is absolutely firm and irrevocable. Under no circumstances will there be a change in the decision of the UN command."

Was it nonsense when the Chinese colonel-negotiator came back with:

"I have one thing that I must make very clear, very crystal clear to your side. Your side must be aware that the side with which you are dealing right now, namely the Korean People's Army and the Chinese People's Volunteers, will refuse, reject, and repulse any unreasonable, arbitrary, cunning, and threatening attitude of your side and any attitude apart from one corresponding to the fair and reasonable attitude of our side. . . . No further argument will be of any consequence. . . . Our side now categorically rejects, and will categorically reject in the future, such unreasonable objection to our nomination of Russia, a truly neutral nation."

Was it nonsense?

In February a majority in six of eight Korean national legislative districts voted for Rhee, and so indicated they thought so.

More than one American general in Korea thought so.

There were colonels and majors and captains and sergeants and thousands of embattled GIs who thought so.

And then there were other Americans, many others, who derided Rhee, who rated him selfish or senile or dangerously reckless.

One highly placed American diplomat in the Orient described the President as an "irrational evangelist."

Nonsense or no, in the tent on the battleline it was clear that the merit or meanness of Syngman Rhee would not be assessed until death had snatched his lances. It was plain he was prepared, for a cause ingrown of his soul, to breast the opposition of Worlds, Free and Foul.

There are too few steadfast men among us to scoff at even one.

The court-martial

Charge: Violation of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, Article 118.

Specification: In that Sergeant John James Doe, Eighth United States Army, Korea, did on or about July 27, 1951, murder Private First Class Robert Richard Rate by shooting him in the head with a pistol.

HE HAS killed his best friend and army comrade, has the tall young Sergeant, and he is here to attempt to persuade a panel of seven officers, his judges, that it was an awful accident, nothing more.

The Sergeant sits with his big hands clasped between the knees of his six-foot frame. His light blue eyes shine from beneath a brow deeply corrugated in worry. His brown hair has been given a bristling military cut. His cleft upper lip is a cupid's bow, but his lower is a straight line of compression. He is dressed in clean and pressed fatigues and his buckled boots shine with polish.

On either hand sit his defense counselors, both captains, one of the Judge Advocate General's Corps and admitted to practice before United States courts. This is a prerequisite under the new Congressional enactment, the Uniform Code of Military Justice, which went into effect June 1, 1951, and covers all U.S. military services. The chief defense counsel in all cases, the new code asserts, must be a trained and officially accepted lawyer.

The trial counsel (Captain, JAGC) rises at his table to announce the court is convened by order of the army commander and that So-and-So and So-and-So are present as members of the court, as law officer, and as counsel for prosecution and defense. He states he is ready to proceed with the case against the Sergeant accused, gives the oath to the court reporter, a lanky Irish Master-Sergeant, and swears in an interpreter for Korean witnesses after ascertaining the interpreter is Christian. If a Korean interpreter or witness is not Christian (most Koreans are not), he merely is asked to "affirm" he will tell the truth and be guided by his conscience.

During six-month periods it was usual for about eight hundred such general court-martial trials to be held in EUSAK commands.

The prosecutor (trial counsel) announces that counsel on both sides are properly qualified and calls on defense counsel to introduce themselves to the court. Should any counsel be disqualified, the case will halt at once until acceptable replacement has been made. Incidentally, a defendant may permit the regularly appointed court defense counsel to act for him or he may select his own defense aide.

"Has accused," asks the law officer, "made a request in writing that the membership of this court include enlisted persons?" Here is something comparatively new in military jurisprudence—an enlisted defendant may demand that one-third of the membership of his panel of judges be enlisted men. Incidentally, in EUSAK, as well as in the army as a whole, this provision seldom has been called into use by enlisted personnel. Most seem to

believe they will be judged less harshly by officers than by soldiers of their own grade.

Sergeant Doe put his faith in officers.

The oath is administered to court members. This is the oath droned at the opening of all cases in courts of EUSAK's commands:

"You do swear that you will faithfully perform all the duties incumbent upon you as a member of this court; that you will faithfully and impartially try, according to the evidence, your conscience, and the laws and regulations provided for trials by courts-martial, the case of the accused now before this court; and that if any doubt should arise not explained by the laws and regulations, then according to the best of your understanding and the custom of war in like cases; that you will not divulge the findings and sentence in any case until they shall have been duly announced by the court; and that you will not disclose or discover the vote or opinion of any particular member of the court upon a challenge or upon the findings or sentence unless required to do so before a court of justice in due course of law. So help you God."

Not a very impressive, and certainly not a grammatical oath, many believe, but it does serve to get a case under way.

The charge against Sergeant Doe, the prosecutor declares, is murder. Standing in a mess hall where coffee was being served soon after midnight of a certain miserable morning, he fired from his forty-five automatic a shot which pierced the upper lip and jaw of the private, his friend, exited at the rear base of the skull, and resulted in death. The prosecutor warns that if any court member or the law officer knows of any reason why any of them should not serve in this case or could be challenged for prejudice or prior knowledge, this is the time to say so. No one speaks. He asks if either side has a peremptory challenge. In this case neither side does, but at this point in any court-martial defense and prosecution each may peremptorily challenge any member of the court or the law officer, and the gentleman is

through. Either defense or prosecution may simply object to the color of the man's eyes or they may consider him prejudiced or merely jaundiced, or they may have no reason at all unless it be to reduce the size of the court. It doesn't matter. Each side may knock off one court member.

The charge against Sergeant Doe is read along with the name of his accuser, in this case the military police.

The prisoner is asked: "Sergeant, how do you plead?"

He rises, stiffens, stares straight to the front, and says with effort:

"Not guilty to murder, but guilty to involuntary manslaughter."

He is bidding for a much lesser penalty than might result from a murder conviction. He is telling the court: "I did it, but it was an accident, not intended."

The Sergeant sinks back into his seat with a face gone white.

This trial, which is a crisis in the life of the agonized Sergeant, is not routine to EUSAK, but neither is it unusual. In April, 1951, for example, sixteen men were tried for murder or manslaughter by EUSAK general courts-martial; in May there were thirty-two such cases tried.

A stipulation agreed to by both sides is entered in the record. It is a sworn statement of a Medical Corps surgeon as to the cause of death.

The first witness, a private first class, takes the stand. He declares he did not see the fatal shooting but heard the shot behind him in the mess hall just as he turned away to put his flashlight on a table. "What were you drinking?" "Coffee." "What had you previously been drinking?" "Some beer." "The accused, too?" "Yes, sir." The witness goes on to express the opinion the shooting occurred when Sergeant and victim were "clowning" and drawing pistols "Texas style," but this is stricken from the record as only unsubstantiated surmise and the court is told by the law officer to disregard it.

A Korean civilian mess attendant is sworn next. He takes the

non-Christian oath. He saw the lethal shot fired. "The men," he says, "were not more than three feet apart at the time."

A Master-Sergeant takes the stand. It was 12:30 midnight, he declares, when he heard the shot. He was in his nearby quarters. He rushed to the mess hall and found a crowd around the fallen man. After a time, he said, Sergeant Doe stepped forward, threw his cap to the ground, and cried, "I killed him!" The last is stricken as "hearsay," but it would be inaccurate to say it did not impress the court.

The Master-Sergeant concludes by asserting he found the .45-caliber pistol behind a six-foot wall about forty feet from the mess-hall door. "The accused," he says, "showed me where he had tossed it."

An agent of Eighth Army's Criminal Investigation Division tells his story. The accused Sergeant, he reveals, signed a confession in which he admitted some whiskey had gone down with the beer, and that he drew his gun in fun because his ill-fated friend "pretended he was going to draw." The Sergeant does not challenge the validity of the confession.

Other military personnel, friends of the accused and some of them his superiors in rank, appear to tell of his fine character and good record, and to declare they would like him back in their organization regardless of the outcome of this trial.

Now comes one of the high points of most court-martial trials, the point at which the accused may take the stand in his defense—or may choose not to do so. His rights are tightly protected, as shown when the law officer at all trials declaims:

"As the accused in this case, you have these rights:

"First, you may be sworn and take the stand as a witness. If you do that, whatever you say will be considered and weighed as evidence by the court just as is the testimony of other witnesses, and you can be cross-examined on your testimony by the trial counsel and the court.

"Second, you may remain silent, that is, say nothing at all. You have a right to do this if you wish, and if you do so the fact

that you do not take the witness stand yourself will not count against you in any way with the court. It will not be considered as an admission that you are guilty, nor can it be commented on in any way by the trial counsel in addressing the court. Take time to consult with your counsel and then advise the court whether you wish to testify or to remain silent."

The Sergeant whispers a moment with the Captain, his counsel. Then he climbs to his feet and in a low voice says:

"I wish to remain silent, sir."

All witnesses have been heard; it is time for the arguments.

The prosecution avers simply that a man is dead and "this defendant has admitted he fired the shot that caused death." It is, the prosecution asserts, a plain case of murder, no less, and Paragraph 197c of the United States Manual for Courts-Martial (1951), which is a discussion of Article 118 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice (Congressional Act of May 5, 1950), is cited as follows:

"An unlawful killing without premeditation is also murder when the person had either an intent to kill or an intent to inflict great bodily harm. . . . A person is presumed to have intended the natural and probable consequences of an act purposely done by him. Hence, if a person does an intentional act likely to result in death or great bodily injury, he may be presumed to have intended death or great bodily harm. The intent need not be directed toward the person killed nor must it exist for any particular time before commission of the act, or have previously existed at all. It is sufficient that it existed at the time of the act or omission (except if death be inflicted in the heat of a sudden passion caused by adequate provocation)."

The prosecution points to Article 118 of the Uniform Code:

"Any person subject to this code who, without justification or excuse, unlawfully kills a human being, when he is engaged in an act which is inherently dangerous to others and evinces a wanton disregard of human life, is guilty of murder, and shall suffer such punishment as a court-martial may direct. . . ."

So it is crystal clear, the prosecution contends, that murder has been done and the Sergeant is guilty of the crime.

Not so, rejoins the defense counsel in his address. This was nothing but a regrettable accident. True, it was an accident resulting from carelessness, but there was no intent, no criminality. He points to the holstered pistols of the court members hanging from wall hooks. "I direct your attention," he expounds, "to those pistols belonging to the members of this court. Each of them contains a loaded magazine. And not one of you gentlemen could at this moment swear that to your knowledge, and beyond a doubt, the firing chamber of your pistol does not contain a shell ready to explode if the trigger were pressed."

"What counsel for the accused has just said," remarks the prosecution in rebuttal, "may well be true, but"—and the Captain-prosecutor pauses and waggles an index finger—"each of the court members, I am sure, unhesitatingly could swear that he would not, under any circumstances, point his pistol or any other deadly weapon at another person, least of all at a friend."

The case against the Sergeant and his defense, such as it was, are all in the record. Instructions to the court members from the law officer follow. They further emphasize the protective screen of rules and requirements thrown automatically about an accused person in a military court. The law officer begins by describing the elements of the alleged offense, then further advises:

"First, that the accused must be presumed to be innocent until his guilt is established by legal and competent evidence beyond reasonable doubt;

"Second, that in the case being considered, if there is a reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the accused, the doubt shall be resolved in favor of the accused and he shall be acquitted;

"Third, that if there is a reasonable doubt as to the degree of guilt, the findings must be in a lower degree as to which there is no reasonable doubt; and

"Fourth, that the burden of proof to establish the guilt of the accused beyond reasonable doubt is upon the government."

So the law officer says, and so he says at all courts-martial.

To reach certain conclusion that reasonable doubt has been aroused in a court member's mind is not quite so simple as it might appear, not even for the lone member himself. The law officer admonishes the members to be attentive to the rules on the subject, as he says:

"By 'reasonable doubt' is intended not fanciful or ingenious doubt or conjecture, but substantial, honest, conscientious doubt suggested by the material evidence, or lack of it, in the case. It is an honest, substantial misgiving, generated by insufficiency of proof of guilt. It is not a captious doubt, nor a doubt suggested by the ingenuity of counsel or court and unwarranted by the testimony; nor a doubt born of a merciful inclination to permit the accused to escape conviction; not a doubt prompted by sympathy for him or those connected with him."

As if the foregoing were not enough to check the humanitarian impulse bereft perhaps of reason, the admonishment goes on:

"The meaning of the rule is that the proof must be such as to exclude not every hypothesis or possibility of innocence, but any fair and rational hypothesis except that of guilt; what is required is not an absolute or mathematical certainty, but a moral certainty. A court-martial which acquits because, upon the evidence, the accused may possibly be innocent, falls as far short of appreciating the proper amount of proof required in a criminal trial as does a court which convicts on a mere possibility that the accused is guilty."

The law officer always completes his instructions to the court's members with the solemn statement:

"Each of you must impartially resolve the ultimate issue as to the guilt or innocence of the accused in accordance with the law, the evidence admitted in court, and your own conscience."

And then he says: "The court will be closed."

Whereupon everyone, absolutely everyone, leaves the courtroom, except the three majors, two captains, and two lieutenants

who comprise the court and who will decide the future of the Sergeant who took the life of his friend, the private.

It is now an *in camera* session, private and privileged and for court members only. In thousands of such sessions are the fates of accused military personnel determined when a great army is in the field. EUSAK's general courts deliberated charges of manslaughter, murder (premeditated and unpremeditated), misbehavior before the enemy, absence without leave, negligent homicide, disobedience to superior officer, rape (many cases of which resulted in life sentences), theft from the mails, assault, voluntary manslaughter, desertion, sleeping on post, escape from confinement, drunk in uniform, sodomy, offering violence against a superior, stealing government property, drunken driving, and others. In April and May, 1951, for example, there were heard forty-eight cases of murder or manslaughter, thirteen for narcotics possession, one for forgery, forty-five for miscellaneous felonies, twenty-four for rape, 123 for desertion and absence without leave, thirty-two for misbehavior before the enemy, and forty-four for miscellaneous military offenses.*

"Gentlemen," the Major-president says when the door has closed behind all but court members, "we now are to vote by written secret ballot on the guilt or innocence of the accused.

"By way of opening the discussion, I will say that I wish these youngsters would learn that guns are not toys. Look what we have here: one boy dead and another with perhaps a ruined life, and for what? For absolutely nothing. Sometimes there is good reason even for murder, but in a thing like this you have nothing but a total loss all around, a vacuum of uselessness."

"I do not propose to vote this man guilty of murder," another proclaims. "He may be guilty of criminal carelessness, but not of murder; it was an accident."

* Lest the foregoing figures startle the reader, he should be reminded that they were not excessive or unusual for so large a command engaged in military operations in a theater of war; also that reference is to cases heard, *not* to convictions.

"Wait a minute," cautions a captain. "A sergeant is supposed to be a responsible man. He shouldn't wave pistols around, especially after drinking."

"Right," chimes in another, "and look at that evidence. He was not more than three feet from his victim when the shot was fired and there were powder burns around the wound. Why, he must've raised his pistol head-high and pointed it right into his friend's face!"

There is a pause before a lieutenant says: "Nevertheless, this was not murder in the sense that such a crime is understood. If we convict for murder, the fellow is branded for life. Probably already he's suffered more from the memory, and will continue to do so, than he might from any punishment we can give. I believe it's manslaughter; gross carelessness, but not murder."

"I agree," says another member; "I'm willing to vote him guilty, but I won't help label him a murderer."

"Are you ready to vote, gentlemen?" the president asks.

Silently, they write their choices on slips of paper and fold them. A lieutenant gathers them and reads them aloud under the eyes of the president.

A murder verdict is voted down, five to two.

The Sergeant is found guilty of "involuntary manslaughter"; six votes "yes," one vote "no."

The law officer is summoned by the court, along with the reporter, and directed to prepare the amended verdict, which he does, and the court is reopened to prisoner and all others.

The Sergeant stands at his table between his counsel. He trembles visibly as the verdict is read by the president, but he does not flinch.

Personal data on the convicted man are then read to the court—his age, his term of service, his pay, his allotments. He is asked if the record as recounted is correct and says it is.

"I have no evidence," declares the prosecutor, "of any previous conviction."

The law officer turns to the Sergeant, who has sunk into his seat.

"You are advised," he states, "that you may now present evidence in extenuation or mitigation of the offense of which you stand convicted. You may, if you wish, testify under oath as to such matters, or you may remain silent, in which case the court will not draw any inferences from your silence. In addition, you may, if you wish, make an unsworn statement in mitigation of the offense of which you stand convicted. This unsworn statement is not evidence, and you cannot be cross-examined upon it, but the prosecution may offer evidence to rebut anything contained in the statement. The statement may be oral or in writing, or both. You may make it yourself, or it may be made by your counsel, or by both of you. Consult with your counsel and advise the court what you desire to do."

Sergeant Doe says he will make an unsworn statement, and he walks to the witness chair.

"I would like it known," he avers in a low voice, "that I never before was in any trouble with the law, either as a civilian or as a soldier. I know I did a terribly careless thing, and I would give my life to bring back my friend." He returns to his place fighting tears.

Again the court is closed.

Each member writes his suggestion as to sentence on a slip of paper. They are read aloud. One is for six months, one is for one year, one is for two years, four are for three years.

To arrive at a general court sentence of no more than three years, a vote of only two-thirds of the court is required. Two-thirds of seven is four and two-thirds. So five members of this court must agree. By court-martial rule, proposed sentences must be voted on secretly in writing, beginning with the lightest sentence suggested.

The proposal for a term of six months is turned down, six to one; one year is ruled out, four to three; two years is agreed upon, five to two.

Court is reopened and the convicted man stands directly before the president.

"Sergeant Doe," says the latter, "it is my duty as president of this court to inform you that the court in closed session and upon secret written ballot, two-thirds of the members present at the time the vote was taken concurring, sentences you to be dishonorably discharged from the service, to forfeit all pay and allowances, and to be confined at hard labor for two years."

Sergeant Doe is led away.

But his case is not closed. The sentence must be affirmed or reduced (it cannot be increased) by the court's appointing authority, in this case the commanding general of EUSAK, and it will be reviewed by the Judge Advocate General and by a Board of Review. At any one of several appellate stages, the convicted Sergeant may be granted a new trial, have his term cut, or even gain his freedom. At worst, possessing a clear previous record, he is likely to serve but a fraction of the sentence with time off for good penal behavior.

"We did what had to be done," comments the Major-president, "but in every respect that case represents a tragic, useless loss of two good boys. Just damn-fool kids playing cowboy. . . ."

THE AIR FORCE

NO SLIGHTEST SHRED of authority is claimed for this chapter. It is not intended for, nor could it be, a bill of particulars. It is not in any sense an indictment. It is an elementary attempt to record at least some of the thinking of the American ground soldier in Korea about the Air Force, whose assistance was to him a prime need in combat.

The Army looks with pride upon its mighty offspring, the United States Air Force; of that there is no doubt.

But that portion of the Army, the United States Eighth Army, which lately has been locked in battle on the ground in Korea, finds itself also looking on the Air Force in some dismay, in puzzlement, even in bewilderment. To the Army in Korea, the Air Force has become a military problem child.

It has been said that the pitifully small ground force opposing the Communists in Korea in July and August of 1950 would have been driven from the peninsula had it not been for the Air Force. No one can ever know if that is an accurate estimate of the critical situation which existed then, but it is surely true that the harassment dealt the enemy at that time by our airmen

was a mighty factor in enabling Eighth Army eventually to firm up a successful Pusan perimeter defense system.

At the beginning of the combat in Korea most ground soldiers, and airmen too, believed what they had been taught since the end of World War II and what had become generally accepted, basic, American military "doctrine": that unless one is supported by a flying combat arm which has gained "air supremacy" or "air superiority" over the enemy, or at the very least "air parity," one cannot effectively carry on offensive ground operations against that enemy.

The Eighth Army soldier cannot but accept the destruction of that "doctrine" through demonstrations, costly to him, staged by his enemies, the armies of Red North Korea and Communist China. For their troops and their supplies moved, despite harassment by our air, consistently and in quantity sufficient to meet their needs.

Day after day during a year and a half of Korean war the Air Force, in its public information statements to the press, listed the trucks and trains it destroyed and damaged, and there is evidence to indicate that its statements usually were conservative. It did a lot of transport damage.

But a related fact of equal significance is that, despite the destruction and damage, enough enemy traffic moved, throughout the eighteen months, to supply enemy divisions in the combat areas. Troops for replacement and reinforcement also moved in sufficient quantity to fill the enemy's ranks.

Notwithstanding the all-out efforts of the Air Force in Korea, there never was a day when the trains did not run and the trucks did not roll behind the enemy lines in North Korea, from the Manchurian border to the forward enemy areas.

All this while, bear in mind, the U.S. Air Force operated in Korea without aerial opposition, without the necessity of furnishing our ground forces with air cover, with nothing to hamper it but scattered and largely ineffective flak and ground fire. The brushes between the enemy "Migs" and our jets in the Yalu area

far from the battle-front can be regarded as of little significance in over-all combat operations. Air Force casualties reflect this situation, for they were not much greater than could be charged to normal flying operations attrition, provided several hundred sorties per day were flown, as in Korea. By the second month in 1952, the Air Force had been engaged for many weeks in "Operation Strangle," an attempt to carry out a classic tactic—to isolate the battlefield—but enemy supplies and replacements continued to move as needed.

The Eighth Army high command was well informed each day, largely through Air Force observation, incidentally, concerning enemy behind-the-lines traffic. At no time did Eighth Army make public revelation of the true state of affairs because it was well aware that the Air Force in Korea was exerting every ounce of its power and all its considerable skill to the joint and combined military effort. No justifiable adverse criticism could be leveled at Air Force personnel in the Far East. They performed magnificently day and night week after week.

It was simply that what the powers-that-be of the United States Air Force had said would happen under certain circumstances as the result of certain action did not come about. The enemy did not have air supremacy or air superiority or even equality in the air. He had, in fact, virtually no air at all (or, at least, he did not use it against us). Yet he came on and on—until our ground forces were strong enough to stop him and then drive him back. This is no claim that the ground forces operated alone. They did not. They were given material aid by the Air Force in Korea. But the point is that the enemy's ground forces received no aid from their own air; they had no "aerial umbrella"; they never have had one.

Always during the Asian struggle Eighth Army personnel indulged in their own "Great Debate." It concerned Tactical Air—the close support given operations of the Infantry by the Air Force.

Often there was no more welcome sight to the beleaguered

soldier on the ground than that of friendly planes bombing, rocketing, strafing, and napalming his foe. Many times the outfit on the ground was delivered from a tight spot by that air support, or enabled to take an objective by a preliminary aerial attack on the enemy ahead. There is no doubt that in Korea, thanks to thorough air-ground co-operation and to the all-out effort of the airmen, U.S. tactical air support attained a degree of effectiveness greater than ever before in our combat history.

Still, there were those of responsibility in Eighth Army who, after observing such operations for months, were heard to declare that, in their opinions, the separation of Tactical Air from the Army had been a major error in the development of our military establishment. In the same sense and for the same reasons, they said, a ground army should control its supporting air just as it did its supporting artillery. They insisted that the Air Force, as constituted, was quite naturally more interested in the problems and possibilities peculiar to air—in the air war itself—than in the prosaic problems and progress of the Infantry. Let the Air Force, they said, skirmish with enemy air if any, and let it carry on its effective long-range strategic bombing. But give us back control of the men and planes needed to support the foot-sloggers who must actually occupy enemy territory before a final decision can be reached. In support of their argument, they pointed to the U.S. Marine fliers, trained primarily in close support tactics, and asserted that these men were more skillful and effective than were U.S. Air Force fliers similarly engaged.

It would need experts to settle that argument and this writer is not one; neither is any claim made here to presentation of both sides of the controversy. What is attempted is the reporting, informally and unofficially, of the thinking on the subject of at least a large segment of EUSAK.

No mention has been made of the handicap which bur-

dened the Air Force in the Korean war—its inability to get governmental permission to attack the enemy's vitals across the Yalu in Manchuria and in China. That handicap was very real and was publicly acknowledged many times by the leading ground commanders, notably General MacArthur. But it was no adequate explanation for the failure of our air power to stifle the enemy's flow of men and supplies while his supply arteries were hundreds of miles long in vulnerable Korea itself—in that area of the earth which EUSAK, as a United Nations military instrument, had been directed to “unify” and “pacify.”

Perhaps use of the word “failure” in that connection cannot quite be justified, because the Air Force in Korea did not fail to apply all the power of which it was capable. But it is plain that it could not, or at least did not, accomplish the mission that high-level and authoritative U.S. Air Force theorists repeatedly had told the Army and the American people was sure to be accomplished under such conditions of overwhelmingly one-sided aerial strength.*

That fact, harsh and unpleasant as it may be, must squarely be faced in contemplating our plans and concepts for aerial warfare in the future, EUSAK men believed. And they were joined in their concern and their awareness, it should be noted, by many responsible men of the Far East Air Force and of the Fifth Air Force, its Korean combat arm.

Underlying their concern over this lack of accomplishment was a fearsome question to which it gave birth and to which they believed the American government and people should give prime attention:

Is it not possible that we might be as inaccurate in our estimates of the potentialities of long-range (atomic) bombing, and

* A situation which, by the way, had reversed itself by early 1952, according to competent Air Force authorities, although the greatly augmented enemy air force still was neither attacking our ground troops nor shielding its own.

of our ability to carry it into wartime practice, as we have been in picturing (to ourselves) how our unopposed air power could annihilate a ground enemy?

And should it be proven on some future critical day that our planning and self-assurance in the strategic bombing field has been similarly in error, would we not be in a very bad way indeed?

March of the mothers

[A LETTER HOME]

KOREA

May 4,

1952

WITH THE APPROACH of Mother's Day, I have been pondering how best to let you know that I remember. Most of the things that can be done from here seem trivial in the light of what is happening here. So I know you will understand if I attempt to express my love and admiration just by telling you a story—a true story—of Korean motherhood.

I would not have learned of the triumph of Bok Hi and her mother and her grandmother were it not that war makes one more than usually sensitive and even prescient. Mind and fibers are alerted because the living wish so much to continue to feel, to see, to experience. The neighborliness of death fires the desire not to die, multiplies and magnifies the myriad reasons to keep on living.

One gazes at a leafy tree twinkling in a sunny breeze and sees beauty never seen before, though he has passed by a thousand

such; one scans a brown and bulging hill and knows magnificence never known before amid hundreds of such; one glimpses the moon struggling majestically across a clouded sky and is transfixed by a shaft of glory never received before, though the moon's effort never was relaxed; one's vision sweeps the face of a fellow and detects a cry of terror or a moan of grief or a shout of joy such as was never heard before, even though there be no slightest sound.

It is thus, I believe, with all those who pick their precarious ways where the step of the stranger, the unfamiliar pulsation of the unknown plane, or even the unexpected and unexplained silence, may be the dread signal for loss of all fleshly instrument of precious perception.

So it was one dour day only last fall, but a long time ago, as I braced up to a Thanksgiving dinner in the then timorous city of Pyongyang that sprawls messily athwart the reach of Taedonggang in North Korea. John Thomas Carter, a captain and a good one, who was at table opposite me, saw it as I did, looked up as I did at the face of the waitress, a Korean woman trying so intensely and so faultily to please. Just glances they were, and then we were stabbing at the turkey our people had pushed to us in the very heart of enemyland to remind us to remember we were not forgotten. We looked at each other and knew our thought to be mimeoed across that festive, though solemn, board.

"Frightened," I remarked.

"Godamighty, yes!" the Captain exclaimed. "I'd say terrified!"

I peered again at the woman. She was characteristically short and more stocky than the familiar female of the West. She wore flat rubber shoes and a native full, high-waisted gown. Her black hair was dressed neatly about her head. Her face was plain and placid and bore no flicker even of feeling or emotion.

So how was it I was so sure she was possessed of a consuming fear? How was it we both were, the Captain and I? At the time we did not so much as wonder. No, we took it for granted then

that such a thing was normal. It was enough for us then to wonder why. Why was she afraid? It was important, very important for us then to know why anyone about us was afraid.

But it was three days before we knew, three days during which men from Hopei and Shansi and Honsan and Kiangsu crept along the flanks of the vanguards of our army and so forced us into harassed retreat.

Again in the long, dusty shed that was our eating place and at a meal, one of the last we should have there, I asked the woman:

"How did you know?"

She did not understand. She had learned but a very few simple words of ours, such as coffee, plate, water, spoon, and perhaps the omnipresent "juice"—simple words she needed at her work—and of her tongue we knew nothing. So I summoned an interpreter and, while I never spoke to her again without his valued services, I shall ban him from these pages as he enters. For if he, in his transmission, has twisted or turned this story, we do not know why or in what manner, or if for better or worse. To us he was but an ancillary voice and ear, and if more, we banish him nonetheless as nonessential to this narrative.

"How did you know?" I repeated.

"My mother, she knew," the woman replied.

"And your mother? How did she know and what did she know?"

"My mother, she told by my grandmother."

We were progressing genealogically but not informatively, and so far had produced nothing but a grin on the open face of Captain John.

"Tell us about grandmother," I suggested, dropping the interrogatory form before the whole subject could fade into antiquity.

"My grandmother has but just come from the north. She knew they were there. Many who have so come to the city so knew."

"Did your grandmother know how many were the Chinese?"

"She had talked to those who told her the men of China crossed the great river in vast numbers."

I looked at the Captain. "The State Department should have hired grandma," he drawled.

The woman appeared as impassive as before, but the fear broke through as she put coffee before me. Her hand shook so that some of the brown liquid splashed onto the table. Her hands were drawn convulsively to her mouth and a sharp intake of breath ended in something akin to a sob. With an effort she drove the mask of fright from her face, dropped her hands, and walked off about her work.

That night the bold new enemy from the Asian main rained leaflets on the trembling city inviting the populace to deceive us, hinder us, kill us. Our high command pronounced this a new war and called upon the Western world for new decision.

With air of early winter toying with the first snowflakes and heavy with the smoke and fumes of the demolitionists, we came to our last day in Pyongyang (which is pronounced P'n-yong and which its onetime Japanese masters knew as Heijo).

It was during our final gloomy meal in the shed on the hill above Kim Il Song's burning home that the brown-skinned woman no longer could stay the tears nor the flood of beseeching words. She and her mother were Christians, they had been labeled undependable by the ideologists about to return, she had been willingly in our employment. Those were the reasons she gave for imploring that she and her mother and her grandmother be taken south with our forces. And very good reasons they were.

She wasn't a pretty sight as she stood in agonized suspense awaiting our fateful answer. Motherhood is doubtless desirable and is often admirable, but a crass fact is that the required preliminary disfigurement adds something less than nothing to a woman's physical charm, and when there is little in the beginning, the result can be deplorable. In the case at hand the result

was pronounced enough to thwart efforts at concealment on the part even of the long and voluminous garment she wore.

Thus it was that the tableau at our rude table inspired others in the room to snicker in a kindly way, which caused Captain John to rosy himself above his collar and caused me to fasten on the fiercest scowl to which a major is entitled.

"For goodness' sakes," the Captain said, "tell her about the trucks."

I did. I told her to be in the compound, with the two older women, next morning at first-light, that a motor convoy would then and there be available to take our Korean friends, such as these, away to the safer south.

It was days before we saw her again at Seoul and it was December. It was that gray December when the men in quilted clothes first pushed across the pestiferous parallel, and when the Siberian cold was gushing down from the Yakutsk wastes.

She was a headquarters mess waitress again and we needed only to see her to know that the relentless and dreadful and deadly pressure of the invader was unrelaxed. As one will, when it seems desirable to dodge reality, we forced on jolly faces, asked playfully:

"And how are mama and grandmama?"

"My grandmother," she said, "lives in great fear of the Chinese. Something happened long ago in the north. I do not know what. But she trembles when she remembers. She is very old now and much of her strength has been left along life's trail. The walk south will be long and hard; it will be a trial she may not survive."

"Perhaps," I said, "we shall hold Seoul." But I could look only at my plate as I spoke.

She moved away without more words. She knew, as we did, that hundreds of thousands were quitting this great city for they knew not what. She knew, as did we, that all transport this time would be used for Korean government officials and police and for the military. For who is to choose among the millions for the

few places vacant in departing trains and trucks? Who can pick from the multitude the most deserving when all are equally barren of home and hope and haven? There are times, and this was one, when so much misery is on gaudy, ghastly view that the blind move in a darkness grown kindly.

Christmas and the New Year crept past in the cold and snow, and the brown bile of defeat washed away the wine and the was-sail. The Chinese came on as coldly and relentlessly as a winter weather front until at last we left the frozen crippled capital because we had to. The journey was a long one, as Korean travel must be judged, to a large market city of much mud and a little macadam far to the south. To a wheeled army headquarters such a move was merely uncomfortable and inconvenient. To the thousands afoot it was a mortal test as deadly as that along the front of war, with its own and equal casualties.

Weeks had passed, the retreat had ended, and our men were fighting their way northward again, before we once more saw Bok Hi, for such we had learned her given name to be.

It was to be the last time we would see her, for while the paths of men often concur through happenstance, they but seldom merge. She sent for us. We did not know why and, we realized later, we never learned. She volunteered no reason, and we failed to ask for one. Perhaps, in her view, the reason to us should have been obvious. Perhaps Bok Hi knew that on this occasion her life, her times, her ancestral heritage, her environmental fortune, yes, even her opalescent future, all were to come into focus.

We found Bok Hi and her maternal forebears in a hovel with walls of clay, roof of thatch, and floor of earth. It was clean, sparsely furnished, not unbearably damp, and had nothing else to recommend it.

When Captain John and I entered, the three women—Bok Hi, her gown falling clean and straight; her mother, worn by toil but slim and erect as a new daffodil; and her grandmother, tiny and bent with black eyes snapping through a concealing mask of

wrinkles from hairline to throat—all were standing and, though their quaint bows were gravely courteous and their mien serene, there was no mistaking that here was a household crisis rooted in long-gone generations.

Bok Hi simply said: "Chuhng Sook is to leave. There is too little food, so she has said she will leave." Chuhng Sook was the grandmother.

I opened my mouth as if to speak, but I had not the slightest idea what I intended to say. So I closed my mouth.

Chuhng Sook moved to the door. "I will go," she said, "but I leave myself with you."

"You need not go," Bok Hi's mother quietly affirmed.

"I will go," the tiny ancient lady said, "so that always I may be with you. I have seen enough, I have loved enough, I have eaten enough. I will go now with the old ones, but I will be with you, as they have been with me, until you too find there are too many. I will go now so that the new one may have a bit of sky, a bit of earth, and his mouthing of rice."

There was no sound as she stepped softly out into the thin new snow and the door shut her from us. But there were tears from the mother's eyes as she left the room after she had offered us a slight, gracious bow.

This had been as a dream to me. I was uncertain if I had understood a meaning screened from us by stoicism, but I was fearful that I had.

"Look here," I burst out, "we could . . ."

Bok Hi seemed not to hear and interrupted me. "I knew she would go," she said. "I knew she was preparing. It is always so."

"But you must go on," I said lamely. "These bad times will pass away. As you say, it is always so. Perhaps we could . . ."

Bok Hi had walked into the next room. At once she reappeared with a wide-awake babe in her arms, and I found myself again gazing into sharp black eyes that peered at me from out a little sea of wrinkles that was a face aborning.

"It is certain, as you may see," Bok Hi proclaimed with a triffly lifted chin, "that we will go on."

"Yes," I said, "you will." Captain John grinned at the baby. "I'll be darned," he said.

We stood there then, the three of us, each conscious of aged footsteps somewhere dying away, Bok Hi holding her child, while she told us of the journey from Seoul—two hundred dreadful miles.

It had taken almost all their money to pay the profiteering ferrymen when they crossed the broad Han River at the city's south boundary. It was a three-mile trudge through the rubbled streets of Yongdungpo. Then the open country, the frozen rice paddies in the flats of the Andang, with Kyanak San looming to the east. That first day, best of twenty that were bitter, they slogged along the road amid more paddies, passed through the shadow of Kwanggo San, and reached Sanggwanggyo. All that they owned they carried. They sought shelter from the cold in a war-ruined building and ate such rice cakes and soggy peanuts as they could purchase.

Standing there, quietly, Bok Hi told us her story of that journey of three women, of three generations, of three worlds. They traveled with thousands, but they were alone and to themselves. When they faltered, they helped each other and no others. If they failed, they would fail alone. They threatened, they cajoled, they deceived, they cursed each other. Anything, anything, but do not halt! The two younger prayed to and wheedled and sometimes doubted their Christian God. The old one sought old gods in the stones and the trees and the streams and the hills, and sometimes she too doubted.

For water, they broke ice in the rivulets or filled their mouths with snow; for food, they bought or begged or stole; for warmth, they moved each day until exhausted, they huddled together in a culvert, they approached the fires of the military, they burned the little that would burn, they crept into the pitiful

remnants of the structures of other men. They did in desperation the things that had to be done.

They encountered police, brutal and benign; soldiery, cruel and kindly; other wayfarers, ugly and beautiful. They found the courage to be brave and the integrity to cry out in their pain and to protest their sufferings; they disputed the right of man to put them to this trial and the right of God to exact so full a measure of sorrow. But each late night the little eldest lady would murmur in understanding, "All is as always, my children."

They toiled on and on, through the streets of ruined Suwon, and onward to Osan, where the first Westerner had died in this war. They struggled against the frigid wind through more miles of rice lands and south of Samgo-ni found rolling woodlands in the distance on either side. As the days passed, Chonan fell behind and Chochiwan and destroyed Taejon. They crawled up and over the pass through Toktae San, where flying ice particles cut their skin. Then it grew warmer, but not much warmer. They dragged themselves through Yongdong and Kumchon and were elated when they crossed the broad Naktong at Waegwon. They drove themselves down the gale-swept valley of the river, straggled across the Kumho, and came to this city.

"Much that we were was left along the way," said Bok Hi. She was through with the telling. In silent humbleness, Captain John and I turned to go.

We saw them at the same time. John pointed in a stricken way and I turned to Bok Hi in wonderment. The rubber slippers of Chuhng Sook stood by the door, where she had stepped out of them.

"I saw her leave them," Bok Hi said, "but to speak would have been to offend. I pray her heart will warm her as it has us."

Outside I slowly followed the tiny footprints toward the street. I saw the crimson flecks in the snow. I scanned the dainty prints until they turned into the main stream of the thoroughfare and

were swallowed there in the trace of the restless populace. I gazed down the sloping way which led to the patient, waiting river, hidden now by the town's veil of winter woodsmoke.

"Do you believe there is a river spirit, John?" I asked.

"I do now," he said.

We turned and walked away together.

Well, that's the story, Mother. Perhaps it will seem to you to be much too somber. If so, the trouble will be in my telling, not in the subject matter. Actually, it is a happy story and its characters all had won a triumph of fulfillment. I hope the fumbling of my Occidental mind has not too much obscured the meaning.

POTPOURRI

Only Skin-Deep

ALL THE CONTINENTS of Earth were represented among the personnel of EUSAK.

Yet Eighth Army as a whole was clear of problems of moment that stemmed from racial differences. Men of EUSAK became indifferent to the skin texture of their fellows.

Even officers from the Southern states, some of whom were notable in World War II for parading their very set opinions on race and color and discrimination, virtually were silent in Korea. They recognized an established fact, which was that in the army, particularly in this United Nations Army, prejudices based on race, while of course not abolished in all individuals, had been forced underground and likely would stay there.

The last stronghold of the army segregation policy tottered when General MacArthur, after his dismissal, told the country the only segregated units he had in the Far East had been handed him ready-made by Department of the Army. A few weeks later the department deactivated the 24th all-Negro regi-

ment of the famous 25th Infantry Division and scattered the regiment's colored personnel throughout Eighth Army.

But that merely ratified a policy already adopted by soldiers of EUSAK. Long before, in the heat and cold and mud and dust and tears and blood of Korea, they had decided to judge each other not as to race or color but as to individual worth. And they did.

Of Sex and Such

HERE ARE the few words sex proportionately deserves. It is not often much of a problem in an army; it is just a topic of conversation which is popular because it leads only to harmless argument.

Most soldiers, and those of EUSAK were no exception, agree that sex is permanent, that it is nature at its most delightful, and that it is life's most subtle and profound and genuinely funny joke on all of us.

"I'll say this," said the Eighth Army cannoneer just returned from rest and recreational leave in Japan, "it now and then gets a guy into a hell of a ridiculous position."

A proposition which will cause debate, but should be accepted because it is true, is this: The moral climate of Eighth Army (or of any army, for that matter) is much more salubrious than that of a like number of civilians anywhere. This should be no surprise, for the chief reason is not obscure.

The reason is contained in the relative absence of the opposite and aggressive sex in sufficient quantity and quality to upset the tranquil atmosphere that mostly prevails among men alone engaged in man's work.

EUSAK had its relatively few who patronized the parasitic prostitutes of Korea, than which there are none filthier, and a few more officers and men who crept from compounds and camp areas and out of the sight of their fellows to go native with Korean girls in the latter's hovels. But these were only those

who believed virility must be displayed to be real and that one is no man and won't remain a man until and unless, etc., etc.

Pacific Stars & Stripes once published a photo showing a line of pretty bare-thighed girls with their skirts lifted high for the can-can in welcome to a shipload of Korea veterans pulling up to a Stateside pier.

Did the boys ogle? They surely did. Did they cheer? Of course. Actually, the incident was a sign of public unawareness of the actual state of mind, body, and soul of the returning soldier.

He is interested in many things, among them the American woman.

But he doesn't want her offered up at dockside.

He has been fighting for human dignity and liberty. In doing so, usually he has achieved self-respect.

The least the civilian can do is reap the profit and leave the soldier in possession of his gain, too.

No "Jawohls!"

THE SENSE of dignity, self-confidence, and pride possessed by the average Korean was notable. He did not cringe or grovel. Despite forty years under political and economic domination of Japan and centuries prior to that of mistreatment by foreigners, he remained conscious of his rightful place and of that of his people. He did not bow and scrape and cater to the American in the calculated manner of the Japanese and the German. More than these others, possibly, he was material from which a true friend and trustworthy ally might be made.

You, Too, Can Afford a President

How Koreans paid their household bills mystified Americans. The salary of the President of South Korea, Syngman Rhee, was \$37.50 per month; the salary of the Prime Minister was

\$26.25. A provincial governor was paid \$16.50 a month, a judge \$11.75, a policeman \$6, a postman \$7.50. An army colonel received \$10.75, a captain \$9. Korean employees of EUSAK were paid \$17.50 per month. On the other hand, a Korean dancer made \$5 per day, a barber from \$2.50 to \$6, a newsboy fifty cents to \$1. A good or even indifferent houseboy working for American officers or enlisted men often made \$30 to \$60 per month.

On the heels of a survey, investigators for the Bank of Korea asserted that the average salaried man was getting 50,000 Won per month, which might sometimes be \$5 in terms of our money. Characteristic of the topsy-turvydom in the Korean economy was the bank's comment that the same average man was spending 321,457 Won each month on his average family of 4.6 persons, more than six times his salary but still 45,000 short of the actual amount he needed for living expenses. It was a good trick and the average man was doing it, the bank said, by selling a valuable when necessary, by selling such extra rations as he might acquire in a variety of unorthodox ways, by setting his wife up with a noodle or wine shop, by putting his children in a street stall to sell cigarettes and other U.S. items they might obtain from Americans, and "by calling on Confucius for aid"—employing ancient ties of blood and custom to remind distant relatives and friends of their Confucian obligations.

Among the Missing

EUSAK's commands were ordered by General Van Fleet to seek information about, and attempt to recover, 193 "missionaries and other civilians who have disappeared during the Korean conflict." Listed by name were 59 women and 134 men. Most, including three bishops, were members of Catholic orders. The greater number were German, but among them were also Americans, Irish, French, Belgians, an Australian, and a Luxem-

bourger. Their names, as known to Eighth Army, constituted an odd roster. For instance, at random: Dr. Ludovicus, Rev. Mother Beatrice de Marie, Eugénie Du Sacré Coeur, Denis Polly, Vyvyan Holt, Bishop Cecil Cooper, Perrouche, Father A. W. Lee, Sister Mary Clare, Commissioner H. Lord, Brother Gregorius, Dr. Anurf Adorf, Father Cnut, Dr. Odilo, Father Gabriel, Dr. Honoratus, Brother Januarius, Sister Ambrosia, Sister Fructuosa, Sister Diomedes.

Military Government

AMERICAN MILITARY GOVERNMENT so far has ruled in but one captured Communist capital city—Pyongyang, North Korea.

The army's performance there in the military government field was not what had been desired. Our history repeated when we won the shooting battle for Pyongyang and failed to gain the confidence and good will of that portion of the populace which had welcomed our military victory.

Civil Affairs Administration is the army branch which carries on civil government, supply and welfare direction, and liaison among friendly or allied populations; in enemy territory it becomes Military Government and the supreme authority over enemy civilians. During the last war it began to function in North Africa, and naturally errors of omission and commission were noted. There was repetition in Sicily, in Italy, in France, and finally in Austria and Germany.

It has been said since World War II that the U.S. Army has a "bullet psychology," that it acts as though the war has been won as soon as military victory has been achieved in the field. Of course, this is never true. Military victory merely gains for the conqueror the opportunity to win completely not alone the war but also the peace. Widely accepted as an axiom is the proposition that war is the continued pursuance of national objectives when diplomacy has failed. That being true, then Mili-

tary Government, the agency which must "sell" the enemy people the aims and policies of its government in conquered areas, is of vital importance.

In North Korea, we knew that our enemy was, in reality, an ideology inimical to our future safety which we were fighting throughout the world, even at home, and which we must continue to struggle against if we would survive in our present desirable estate. Unless it is determined to resort to extermination on a wholesale scale, an ideology cannot be wholly beaten with bullets. It can only be done through an appeal to reason, emotions, and self-interest.

The people of Pyongyang and North Korea received their first impression of U.S. Military Government through a newspaper statement made by the Korean appointed to be mayor of the capital. He said:

"I have just received my instructions from the American commander. I haven't the slightest idea what I am supposed to do or how to govern this city, but I promise you I will do the best I can."

Obviously, the new "mayor," a teacher drafted off the street, was as honest as we seemed unprepared. The result was foreordained and need not be described.

Civil Assistance personnel in South Korea worked hard and could point to real accomplishment. But, for the most part, they were untrained and inexperienced. They were as frustrated as were their forerunners in Europe during and after the combat stage of World War II.

It is a fact that U.S. Military Government during and after World War II was the most enlightened, tolerant, and helpful to the helpless of any recorded by man. But it was not the most efficient or necessarily the most effective. It failed to further American aims appreciably.

A book could be written on the subject and perhaps should be. For now, let it be said that AMG will not be good enough unless and until:

1. The army abandons its belief that because a man is a colonel he is automatically qualified to govern a city or because he is a general he is qualified to govern a country. Eagles and stars are no substitute for the right sort of knowledge and experience and human sympathy;

2. The army educates men for military government duty and maintains a continuing program in that field. Though our army operates more schools than any other institution in the world, it does not maintain schools in military government except on an emergency and temporary basis. They were among the first closed after World War II. To aid in supplying properly equipped men for the country's world-wide continuing and expanding commitment, such schools should be in operation constantly. And every officer ordered overseas should be required to be "educated," at least in an elementary way, about the country to which he has been assigned and its people.

The Bull Who Came to Dinner

GENUS *Bos*, male, works long and many hours and diligently in Korea, but he is free of an occupational hazard which haunts and hampers his brethren throughout most of the rest of the laboring world. If there is something akin to a Valhalla for the stolid bovine, masculine, mayhap it lies among the rice-rioted vales, thrawn roads, and thatched barns of the Hermit Kingdom.

In Korea, where at last and recent count there were 157,000 bulls, he is prized and privileged among men and among the 250,000 of his gentler counterparts.

He is just about as old, it appears, as the land in which he plods; so old that the mechanical hurly-burly of America's modern Eighth Army has no more disturbed his astonishing equipoise or amazing aplomb than presumably did the screeching horsemen of Genghis Khan. His origins are hidden somewhere in ancient Oriental legend, but a popular Korean belief is that

two or three thousand years ago a Bunteng cattle strain was imported from the Indian subcontinent and crossbred with a species from Manchuria.

For no less than the past thousand years no further alteration of the strain was reported until the coming of the latter-day ubiquitous American Military Government, when a curious colonel imported one Aberdeen-Angus bull and exposed a Korean cow to the visitor's attentions. Only two offspring of this union, affected in probably the most competitive of fields, are known to exist in Korea today.

No cattle ever were imported from Japan. On the contrary, so popular was the complacent, content Korean bull with Nippon's farmers that sixty thousand head per year were exported to the offshore islands. Koreans insist their animals are the best in the world for work in the rice paddies, though admittedly slow and clumsy on the roads. They are strong, docile, and easy to maintain. Mostly, they eat chopped rice straw, usually fed wet, rice bran and, during periods of heaviest work, soy beans.

In a Korean farm ménage (most Koreans are farmers) *Genus Bos* is the darling of the household. The farmer himself may not nurse more affection for him than for his wife or parents or sons or daughters, but it all comes out in that light for the bull. He often is better housed, better bedded, better cared for, and certainly fed no worse, than members of the family. And why not, one may ask. For the bull represents to the Korean his farm machinery, his farm livestock, his transport, and, following that inevitable dismal day that overtakes all living things, his food supply. All the while, too, the bull has toted his fair and equitable share of that prime responsibility in Korea, production of fertilizer.

In cold weather a Korean farmer is careful to give his bull only water and food heated to drive off chill. If the animal is ill, he sleeps by its side. If the family travels, the bull most certainly must go along, and the farmer rides not in the truck or train coach that may carry his loved ones of the human

species, but in the boxcar or other conveyance that carries the bull. And if the latter walks, so does the farmer most of the time.

When millions of farm families became refugees during the Communist war, they were moved in the van or wake of Eighth Army by its Civil Affairs troops. And always the bulls went right along, a circumstance of utilitarianism which caused our CA folk smugly to claim recognition as "the world's greatest bull-shippers."

One could spread oneself at great length concerning the Korean bull. For instance, 330,000 of the valiant beasts have fallen since the Communists attacked in 1950, most during the first twelve months of fighting; they are bought and sold for as much as a million Won each at no less than 600 government-controlled Korean bull markets where bull-salesmanship is an esteemed middlemen's profession; they are subjects of public records as extensive as, and more carefully maintained than, those concerned with children.

Be all this as it may, our point was that the Korean countryside, from the point of view of the usually sadly harassed candidate for oxenhood, is something akin to the Elysian fields of humankind's ken.

For in Korea Genus *Bos* need not be a Brave Bull.

He is never chided as a Ferdinand.

He is never a driven, fearful steer.

He is never, dumb or otherwise, an ox.

In Korea it is against cultural custom as well as public policy to castrate a bull.

"We Will Fight On"

THE Constitution of the Republic of Korea (South Korea) was three years old July 17, 1951. On that day the Korean daily newspaper *Tong A Ilbo* struck an editorial note which aroused sympathy and understanding among Americans. It said:

"Through our struggles to overcome chaos, we have gained more confidence in our capabilities to protect and develop our democratic freedom. We have learned not to rely on mere lip-service to democratic ideals. We have come to lay more emphasis on practice than on theory. We believe that we can neither compromise with Communism nor coexist with it, because it totally disregards the values of humanity and morality. To warn all peoples, lest they should be duped by the plots or propaganda of the Communists, is a duty which those enjoying democratic freedom should discharge for the benefit of mankind. The fundamental spirit of the Constitution we framed three years ago has entered into our blood and flesh. No one can deprive us of this spirit, and we will avoid no sacrifice to polish and preserve this treasure we won. In order to extend this freedom we enjoy to our brothers in the North, we will fight on with further patience and courage."

A GLANCE BACKWARD

KOREANS deplore their record in history, but they are unashamed.

On the contrary, they are proud that despite unmatched centuries of turbulence and a notable lack of many types of material resources, they produced and employed the first movable metal type, the first ironclad warships and the first encyclopedia. They were first to use cannon, gunpowder and shells and first to produce woodcuts. They built the first astronomical observatory, and scholars consider their remarkably short alphabet one of the best among men.

Once Korea was the cultural and religious center of the Orient. Its arts, sciences, architecture and literature were admired and emulated—and envied—in China and Japan.

As part of the United States Army's troop educational program, early in 1952 a noted Korean scholar was asked to lecture to interested personnel of Eighth Army. With a solemnity sprung from the sadness of the ages, he said:

"The light that could have led the world upward through the darkness of ignorance and fear to a better world of enlightenment and physical and spiritual well-being was dimmed.

Dimmed almost to extinction. Kept alive only deep down in the hearts of our people, awaiting the resurrection that only freedom could bring.

"What brought on this suffocation of our culture as a rock smothers the growing rice seedling beneath it? Why did our civilization halt in its progress as suddenly as an oxcart caught in the mud? Why are we who were once so far ahead, now so far behind the rest of the world?

"Was it lack of natural resources? Our nation abounds in them.

"Was it poor geographical position? Our nation is at the cross-roads of the East, where the junction of the great trade routes could bring information as well as trade and materials to our shores.

"Was it lack of inborn intelligence? Our past creative history disproves it.

"Was it laziness? Our rice farmers work to feed the Orient.

"Was it lack of courage to compete with the world? Our hearts deny it; so does our proud history of resistance to aggression.

"What then?

"Wherein were we deficient, if that we were, so we may remedy the deficiency?

"Wherein lies the flaw, that we may eradicate it?

"What is the problem, that we may solve it?

"Where is the work to be done, that we may begin?

"In studying the story of our nation, may we find the answers to our questions, the guides for our progress, the key to our future. May the past furnish the lessons for the future, that we may live as free people in peace, in prosperity, with liberty and justice for all."

Thus the brown-skinned scholar put his questions, their tragic implications re-emphasized for the soldier who has traversed the ravaged Korea of this day.

Eighth Army prepared for its men a short but telling history of The Land of the Morning Calm. Perhaps, summarized, it will aid a pursuit of answers to the scholar's boldly put questions:

Twenty-six hundred years before the birth of Christ the tribes of northern Korea and Manchuria united, called the new nation Chosun and established its capital at Pyongyang, now capital of Red North Korea. Chosun remained primitive in the next two thousand years. Then Kija, a Chinese refugee from oppression, became ruler and gave the country its first good government, with public works, a penal code, a standardized language and, of course, taxes.

Fugitives from Great Wall of China slave labor camps fled to Chosun, Chinese armies invaded and wasted the land, then abandoned it. When the Christian era began (Year 2333, Korean calendar), the peninsula had been split into three kingdoms.

Now for six hundred years The Three Kingdoms fought among themselves and with the Manchurians, Chinese and rising Japanese. Manchurians and Japanese were defeated, but the Chinese were too strong for any of the nations or combinations, and Chosun for two centuries groaned under Chinese domination, all the while absorbing Chinese culture, customs and learning and, unfortunately, governmental corruption. In A.D. 919, sixty-year-old Wang Kien led a revolt which threw off the Chinese yoke. But from his capital at Kaesong he paid tribute to China and made Buddhism the state religion. Corruption and oppression increased.

Ninety-two years later the Khitan Tartars destructively invaded Chosun as far south as Kaesong. In A.D. 1213 the Mongol horsemen of Genghis Khan swept over the entire peninsula and took absolute control.

In 1274 and 1281 the Great Khan, Kublai, levied on the people of the peninsula for ships and men to invade Japan. Storms destroyed the fleets and 130,000 were drowned. In the next century the army of the Khan was driven northward, but Oriental

anarchy followed as the robber "Red Heads" attacked from Manchuria and Chinese and Japanese pirate hordes along all the peninsula's coasts.

Finally (1389), a sort of Korean Julius Caesar, General Yi Tai-Jo, was ordered to cross the Yalu and attack the Chinese or be executed. At the river General Yi and his men came to an agreement, marched back to Kaesong, took the city, slew the Buddhist monk who controlled the king, deposed the latter and took control.

Yi founded a dynasty and made his capital at Seoul. The next two hundred years were Korea's "golden age." In every facet of human endeavor great progress was made.

Japan now was a military dictatorship. It attacked Korea in 1592, its army driving north to Pyongyang. But Korea came up with a "secret weapon," the first ironclad ships built by Admiral Yi Sun-sin. They destroyed the Japanese transports and supply fleet and the invaders were starved out. Five years later the Japanese came again and Admiral Yi did it again. For the next three centuries Japan remained convinced.

In 1610 the Manchus of China invaded, wrecked and abandoned Korea, which, disillusioned, shut herself from the world and became The Hermit Kingdom.

Two hundred and sixty years later Korea timidly and unwillingly re-entered the family of nations when it was forced to accept a trade treaty by Japan. And six years later (1882) Korea negotiated a treaty with the United States, and similar action with other western powers followed. Modernization of Korea began.

In 1884 Korea was drawn into modern Great Powers conflicts. For ten years Chinese, Japanese and Korean factions tore the country asunder. Finally, the Chinese agreed to withdraw and did, but the Japanese stayed and seized the Korean royal family as hostages. Thus was generated the Sino-Japanese war, which Japan won on land and at sea. The Japanese became "advisers"

to Korea and held the Liaotung peninsula and Port Arthur. Russia, now aroused, and backed by France and Germany, forced the angry Japanese to give up all but dominance of Korea.

China, in 1898, leased Liaotung and Port Arthur to Russia. Japan was enraged. Korea, sensing more trouble, declared its neutrality.

As the first step in its war with Russia in 1904, Japan invaded Korea, at the same time "guaranteeing" the little country's independence. Japan, after overrunning Korea and Manchuria, defeated Russia on land and at sea. Under the peace treaty, Nippon took full control of Korea and began all-out exploitation. In 1910 Japan boldly proclaimed Korea a part of the Japanese Empire, brought the peninsula material progress, but oppressed Koreans mentally, morally and physically. From that year on, Syngman Rhee maintained and headed a free Korean government in exile.

The United States defeated Japan in 1945, and Korea was occupied by Russians and Americans north and south of the 38th parallel. They could not agree, and the U.S. in 1947 asked the United Nations to hold elections in South Korea. As a result, Rhee became first president of the Republic of Korea.

In 1950, after U.S. military forces had been withdrawn from South Korea, North Korean Communists, heavily armed by Russia, attacked the Republic. U.S. and other UN powers militarily intervened. Following defeat and rout of the North Koreans, Chinese Communist armies entered the war in October 1950.

"What is the problem, that we may solve it?" the Korean scholar asked and pleaded.

History seems to make the answer clear. Korea is one of those unfortunate bits of peopled real estate where the interests of the Great Powers always have touched and clashed—and still do.

Korea alone cannot solve the problem unless she can accom-

plish the impossible—render her geographic position non-strategic.

Korea is at the mercy of the International Will which will act upon her, as in the past, as existing International Morality dictates and demands.

A CHRONOLOGY

June, 1950

- 25TH— An invading North Korean Communist Army of 60,000 crossed the 38th Parallel into South Korea at five o'clock of a Sunday morning. Five hours later Kaesong fell.
- 27TH— President Truman ordered U.S. air and sea forces to aid South Korea and the Seventh U.S. Fleet to protect Formosa. United Nations Security Council called on all member nations to aid in repelling aggression in Korea.
- 29TH— North Korean Army seized Seoul, capital of South Korea. Britain ordered her Far Eastern Fleet to join in fight.
- 30TH— Truman ordered U.S. ground troops to Korea; ordered naval blockade of Korean coast and authorized U.S. Air Force to bomb North Korea.

July, 1950

- 1ST— First U.S. combat troops arrived in Korea. Major General William F. Dean, commander 24th Infantry Division, placed in command of U.S. forces in Korea.

- 4TH— U.S. troops first met enemy just north of Osan; forced to retreat.
- 6TH— B-29s began bombing North Korea.
- 7TH— General Douglas MacArthur named Supreme UN Commander.
- 13TH— Lieutenant General Walton H. Walker, commander of Eighth Army, assumed command of ground forces in Korea. (EUSAK was born.)
- 15TH— North Koreans crossed Kum River.
- 18TH— First Cavalry and 25th Infantry Divisions reached Korea.
- 21ST— Twenty-fourth Division troops fought way out of flaming Taejon. General Dean missing in action.

August, 1950

- 1ST— Second U. S. Infantry Division reached Korea.
- 2ND— First U.S. Marine Brigade reached Korea.
- 7TH— In Masan sector task force launched first UN counterattack.
- 8TH— North Koreans breached Naktong River perimeter line, but failed to reach Taegu, where EUSAK was headquartered.
- 15TH— UN troops beat off two Communist attacks along Naktong.
- 29TH— Twenty-seventh British Brigade arrived from Hong Kong, first troops to join Americans and South Koreans in war.

September, 1950

- 3RD— Communist offensive threatened Taegu.
- 4TH— U.S. 25th Division inflicted 12,000 enemy casualties in winning three-day battle at Masan.
- 7TH— General Walker declared "our lines will hold."

- 10TH— General Walker said "worst is over."
- 15TH—U.S. X Corps made amphibious assault on Inchon, port of Seoul.
- 16TH— Eighth Army "jumped off" from perimeter lines and began shattering of North Korean Army.
- 19TH— X Corps began encirclement of Seoul; Eighth Army swept north and west in South Korea, with Communists captured or in full flight. Filipino troops reached Korea.
- 26TH— Seoul fell to U.S. Australian troops reached Korea.

October, 1950

- 1ST— South Korean troops crossed 38th Parallel. MacArthur called on Reds to surrender.
- 7TH— Eighth Army pushed northward; X Corps withdrawn from battle.
- 10TH— U.S. troops crossed 38th Parallel; ROKs took Wonsan on east coast.
- 15TH— Truman and MacArthur met on Wake Island.
- 17TH— Turkish troops arrived in Korea.
- 18TH— ROKs occupied Hamhung and Hungnam.
- 19TH— Eighth Army took Pyongyang, capital of North Korea.
- 20TH— U.S. paratroopers in first drop 25 miles north of Pyongyang.
- 25TH— Eighth Army spearhead within 34 miles of Manchuria.
- 26TH— U.S. Marines landed at Wonsan; 1st and 6th ROK Divisions captured first Chinese Communist Forces prisoners of the war. Prisoners said 40th CCF Army units crossed into Korea about October 19, and 56th CCF Army crossed Yalu River about October 12. Sixth ROK Division reached Yalu.
- 29TH— X Corps halted by Chinese in northeast Korea.
- 30TH— Eighth Army's 6th ROK Division overwhelmed by Chinese counterattack at Yongdu.

November, 1950

- 3RD— U.S. 25th Division withdrew 50 miles from Yalu area; 1st Cavalry hard hit.
- 6TH— MacArthur charged Chinese with unlawful aggression; Chongchon River defense line held.
- 7TH— Thailand troops arrived in Korea.
- 8TH— First all-jet battle in aviation history over Sinuiju.
- 11TH— Eighth Army attacked again in North Korea.
- 12TH— Third U.S. Army Division arrived in Korea.
- 17TH— MacArthur said Chinese attack was “new war.”
- 21ST— Indian medical unit reached Korea.
- 23RD— Netherland troops reached Korea.
- 25TH— Chinese released 57 American prisoners in “propaganda” move.
- 27TH— Eighth Army offensive halted by huge Chinese forces.
- 28TH— General Walker announced offensive was ended.
- 29TH— French troops reached Korea.

December, 1950

- 1ST— Eighth Army in northwest and X Corps in northeast began withdrawing before Chinese offensive.
- 6TH— Chinese occupied Pyongyang, capital of North Korea.
- 8TH— Greek troops reached Korea.
- 9TH— X Corps forced to withdraw from Wonsan by sea.
- 17TH— President Truman proclaimed National Emergency with United Nations Army in full retreat everywhere; X Corps went ashore at Pohang and Pusan in South Korea.
- 18TH— Canadian troops reached Korea.
- 22ND— UN sent third cease-fire note to Peiping; ignored.
- 23RD— General Walker killed in jeep accident. EUSAK initiated complete censorship of press.

- 24TH— Chinese rejected cease-fire; massed along 38th Parallel.
X Corps completed Hungnam withdrawal by sea.
- 25TH— Chinese crossed 38th Parallel.
- 26TH— X Corps became part of Eighth Army.
- 27TH— Lieutenant General Matthew B. Ridgway took command of EUSAK.

January, 1951

- 1ST— Communists attacked on 44-mile front.
- 4TH— Eighth Army gave up Seoul.
- 7TH— Communists entered Wonju.
- 8-15TH—U.S. 2nd Division, with attached French and Dutch, stopped Chinese drive south of Wonju.
- 17TH—Eighth Army re-entered Suwon.
- 20TH— MacArthur said "No one is going to drive us into the sea."
- 22ND— Eighth Army launched "limited attack."
- 31ST— Belgian troops arrived in Korea.

February, 1951

- 1ST— Communists counterattacked north of Yoju.
- 10TH— Eighth Army retook port of Inchon and Kimpo airfield near Seoul.
- 11TH— Army Chief-of-Staff Collins said Reds lost 200,000 men in Korea in January and had lost 525,000 since war began.
- 13TH— Major Chinese attack launched against X Corps in central Korea.
- 15TH— Reds beaten at Chipyeong-ni.
- 21ST— Eighth Army launched "Operation Killer," H-Hour 1000.
- 25TH— Communists slowly gave ground.

- 26TH— Offensive bogged down in mud from heavy rains
28TH— Eighth Army positions improved all along front.

March, 1951

- 6TH— Ridgway told press new drive in center might force Reds to leave Seoul.
7TH— "Operation Ripper" launched at 0700 hours; Eighth Army troops crossed Han River east of Seoul; MacArthur said we could achieve only "stalemate."
12TH— Ridgway at Yaju told press we were "deflating" Red China.
13TH— Communists (Chinese and North Korean) began withdrawal all across front.
14TH— ROK patrols in Seoul.
15TH— Eighth Army retook Seoul.
17TH— Chinese threw in two fresh armies.
21ST— Eighth Army retook Chunchon.
22ND— Eighth Army reached 38th Parallel again.
24TH— ROKs crossed 38th Parallel again; MacArthur offered to talk possible "cease-fire" with enemy.

April, 1951

- 3RD— Eighth Army crossed 38th Parallel again.
6TH— MacArthur's letter to House Leader Martin made public.
7TH— Ten Eighth Army divisions are across parallel.
11TH— MacArthur relieved as UN commander; Ridgway takes his place. Lieutenant General James A. Van Fleet named chief of EUSAK.
15TH— General Van Fleet arrived and assumed command.
21ST— Department of Army said Communist casualties to date 813,873.
22ND— Chinese began spring offensive.
25TH— Eighth Army units pushed back 18-20 miles.

- 27TH— Munsan, north of Seoul, fell to Chinese; Van Fleet said, "We'll stop enemy north of Han River."

May, 1951

- 1ST— First phase of Chinese offensive halted north of Seoul.
6TH— Ethiopian troops reached Korea.
16TH— Chinese launched second phase of spring offensive.
17TH— Second Division again stopped Reds, killing 10,000.
22ND— Eighth Army stopped Chinese everywhere.
23RD— Eighth Army began offensive.
24TH— Van Fleet said enemy "lost his nerve"; may be war's turning point.
28TH— Eighth Army drove forward; took Hwachon and Inje.

June, 1951

- 3RD— Eighth drove on Chinese "Iron Triangle" in Central Korea north of 38th Parallel.
10TH— Van Fleet said enemy couldn't continue to take casualties at current rate.
12TH— "Iron Triangle" under control of Eighth Army.
17TH— Confidentially, Van Fleet told press Eighth Army offensive at end.
20TH— Eighth Army established "permanent" line across peninsula about 20 miles north of 38th Parallel, except in Kaesong area.

(In the fore part of June, at the MacArthur Congressional hearing, Secretary Acheson had expressed willingness to attempt to negotiate a cease-fire in the vicinity of the 38th Parallel.)

- 24TH— Russia's Jacob Malik, in New York radio speech, said he believed cease-fire could be agreed upon.
25TH— Peiping radio voiced desire for cease-fire, but said Allies "beaten."

- 28TH— Gromyko told U.S. Ambassador at Moscow cease-fire should be arranged by field commanders.
30TH— General Ridgway broadcast message to enemy commander expressing willingness to talk cease-fire.

July, 1951

- 1ST— Peiping and Pyongyang radios agreed to meeting.
2ND— Washington accepted Red offer.
3RD— Ridgway agreed to preliminary meeting at Kaesong.
4TH— Reds agreed to meet July 8 at Kaesong.
5TH— Ridgway demanded "positive assurance" of safe-conduct for his representatives.
6TH— Pyongyang radio voiced "assurance."
8TH— Meeting held at Kaesong and it was agreed to begin cease-fire negotiations there July 10.
10TH— Cease-fire parleys under way at Kaesong.
26TH— Agreement reached on agenda for armistice negotiations.
27TH— Armistice negotiations begun at Kaesong.

During the remainder of 1951 Eighth Army carried out a series of limited-objective attacks to keep the enemy off balance, destroy his potential, force premature commitment of his reserve and displacement of his armor and artillery. In late summer the Kumsong supply complex was rendered valueless to the enemy and fierce battles for key terrain—such as "Bloody Ridge," "The Punchbowl," and "Heartbreak Ridge"—were fought.

Meanwhile, the "armistice talks" were moved to the battleline hamlet of Panmunjom and suffered several delays as the Communists refused to talk for either hours or days—and once for weeks. Christmas and New Year brought no cause to hope for early peace.

Air Force and Navy continued to pound enemy supply lines, but results largely were conjectural. Air Force losses to enemy

ground fire increased and the enemy jet planes (Russian Mig-15s) became more skillful, more daring and more numerous.

All through the early months of 1952, "armistice" delegates still were arguing over prisoner exchange and North Korean airfields, and the enemy proposed a high-level conference on Korean problems to begin within ninety days after signing of an armistice.

It appeared possible that something called "MAC" or "JAC" (Military Armistice Commission or Joint Armistice Commission) might be spawned.

When and if this occurred, it was all too plain, the result would be a giant multilateral bureaucracy within which the haggling might well continue.

About the Author

Melvin B. Voorhees became an alumnus of the University of Washington in 1925, and hopped right into the job of being a second generation newspaper man. His father had been publisher of the Tacoma Times for 19 years, and young Voorhees worked as reporter for the Times, the Seattle Star, the Portland Telegram, the Portland News-Telegram, and the Vancouver (B.C.) Sun. In Portland, and later in Seattle, he rose to the post of City Editor, although still a comparatively young man.

Returning to the Tacoma Times in 1935, he eventually worked his way up to Editor-in-chief, and frequently achieved nationwide attention for his editorials.

He left Tacoma in September 1943 and attended Boston University to complete a course in Military Government Administration, after the completion of which he served in Europe in Military Government. Returning to the United States in 1948, he was ordered to the Far East Command and thence to Korea. He has been with EUSAK Headquarters since September 1950 in various capacities—Public Information Officer, Chief Censor, President of Eighth Army's General Courts-Martial. He was awarded the Bronze Star, and after a year and a half's service in Korea, he has only recently been returned to this country.

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